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The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

AFTER three days of wonderful fishing Mr. Smith returned from the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. The canoe held a fine string of the land-locked salmon of the country, the ouananiche men come from afar to seek. Pete Calot and Antoine Magloire, pure Montagnais Indians, who were guiding him, were delighted with Mr. Smith. Naturally enough they had been rather silent on the first day, for it takes time to penetrate an Indian's reserve. But on the second they had appreciated his skill as a fisherman, his handiness about the camp, and his sharing with them the contents of his little pocket flask. The sportsman had grown enthusiastic in regard to the beautiful freedom of their life, manifested the most intense interest in their tales of trapping, and led them into long narrations, while they sat before the camp-fire in the evening, of long journeys in the *Grand Nord*. To them he deplored the unkind fate that held him bound to the sordid life of cities. Take Grand Lac Mistassini, for instance! What would he not have given for the leisure to behold such a wonderful sheet of water?

They reached Roberval rather late in the evening of the third day, and Mr. Smith *chanced* to meet the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at the reservation of Pointe Bleue, who had *happened* to drive over. Curiously enough, the two foregathered at once and, a few minutes later, held conversation in Mr. Smith's room at the hotel.

On the next morning Mr. Smith drove over to the Reservation to visit the Indian settlement. He dropped into the Post building and the agent politely showed him the warehouse in which the trade goods and fur were kept. They closed the door behind them.

"This," said the agent, "is one of the boxes we were speaking about."

Mr. Smith looked at the case. It was marked "JIM BARRY," and addressed to the Company Post on Grand Lac Mistassini.

Mr. Smith was a very handy man. With the blade of an axe and a hammer he rapidly opened the box.

"That's it. I expected as much," he said, after pulling out some excelsior and uncovering a couple of dozen bottles filled with a liquid as clear and limpid as water.

The agent obliged him with a corkscrew and the bottle, once opened, spread forth a fragrance of powerful alcohol.

"You will please smash up all that stuff," said Mr. Smith, emptying the bottle through a crack in the rough floor.

"I sure will," said the agent, who was a determined temperance advocate. "Nothing'll please me better. To think there's five more cases like it, and it costs the company all of fifteen cents a pound to lug up there. No wonder there ain't much fur coming. I've been suspecting Jim!"

TWO DAYS later Mr. Smith found himself in Montreal. A man was shown up to his room and requested to sit down while Mr. Smith finished a letter.

Then Mr. Smith looked up, putting down his pen.

"And so you're Pete McLeod," he said, briefly.

"Uh huh," answered the man, nodding.

"Just come over, Pete!"

The man rose and came to the table. Mr. Smith unfolded a map. On the upper edge of it he placed a finger.

"This is the place," he said.

McLeod also advanced a large brown finger.

"I see. 'Bout half way to the Bay. Is the map any good?" he asked.

"Fair in some places. Done after Low's first survey. The lake's all right but you can see that most of the rivers are only dotted. But anyway it gives you a good idea of the country. You're to start in two weeks. Ready, are you?"

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"Uh huh," assented McLeod.

"Fellow up there's played the devil. Taken to having raw alcohol sent up to him. Indians say the hunting's good. The show of fur's rotten, very bad. You're to go up and pack him home. It's a chance for you to fix things right for the Company, and make a good Post of it again. If you make good you can come back once every three or four years. If you don't, there's plenty others we can send. It's a good show for the right man. You'll pay your own price for pelts, always remembering what it costs the Company to get goods up there. Now it's up to you."

McLeod merely nodded again, for this was straight talk. The next few monutes were taken up in brief explanations and Mr. Smith handed him a letter for the agent at Pointe Bleue, a ticket to Roberval and a small sum of money.

"Wish you luck," finally said Mr. Smith. "When you see Jim Barry slink off with the returning brigade just put the looks of the thing in your pipe and smoke it. The Company wants *men*!"

Luck would have it that he knocked over a rusty, old pistol, hidden behind some boxes

The gentleman struck the flimsy hotel table a rather hard blow with his fist, which he afterwards opened and pushed toward McLeod, who met it with an exceedingly large and capable paw. The man realized that it was quite an honor to be allowed to shake hands with Mr. Smith.

"I'm liable ter try hard, sir," he said.

"That's what we expect," said Mr. Smith, cutting the interview short with a wave of his hand towards the door.

Pete McLeod found his way to the street. He looked at a very substantial silver watch and found that he had been for twenty-seven minutes with Mr. Smith. To him there was nothing wonderful in the fact that, in this short time, he had accepted exile to a distant land of which he knew little and promised to do his best to build up again an important post. The thing that aroused his admiration was the power and the greatness of the Company which could cover the whole of Canada, even to its remotest parts, with establishments lorded over by men supreme in their districts, large or small, and unerringly follow their doings from afar, giving blame or praise, rewarding effort and success and eliminating the weak.

McLEOD'S two weeks went by rapidly enough after his return from Montreal. The Company's agent at Pointe Bleue proved a kindred soul. He helped Pete select his supplies and choose the men who were to make up the brigade to Grand Lac. The trip was a difficult one at its best. They were poling up rapids now, or lining the canoes up with ropes. They toiled against the easier currents of dead waters and lakes, and over the many portages that required a number of trips back and forth before everything was carried over. The men bore huge loads, sweating and slapping at the flies swarming on wrists and faces. Thus, day by day, they progressed along the big river to the mouth of the Chigobiche, where they left the rough main stream. Thence to Lake Chigobiche, thirty miles long, and over a long portage to the river of the Crooked Hill. Again they carried to the Nicaubau lakes and toiled manfully on over the height of land to Lake Obatagooman. But after this came a wilderness of lakes and rivers that finally brought them to a wide inlet into Grand Lac, which was like a mighty arm of an ocean dotted with great blue islands in the distance. Here, for several days, they were windbound, but cared little, for all the hard work was over. Nothing was left but the long paddle along the shore, keeping very near the land as a precaution against sudden squalls, so they sat under their tents, contentedly, and mended clothing and shoepacks, telling and listening to interminable stories of long ago.

Then some of the men sniffed, with the Indian's ability to detect the smell of wood-smoke a long distance off. After this the leading canoeman gave a cheer that was many times repeated by the others as they came in sight of a couple of great log buildings, about which were clustered many tents. They saw puffs of white smoke, and presently the reports of the guns came, rolling among the surrounding hillsides and awakening lingering echoes.

"What's the matter with the flag?" wondered Pete.

But presently he saw men bearing the small bundle and attaching it to the halyards. The colors of the Company broke out and began to ascend the mast, slowly. Half way up it seemed to catch. No, it hung there, motionless, and the songs of the *voyageurs* were halted and the swiftly moving paddles were dipped more softly while the canoes took up the gait of penitents moving towards a shrine.

Pete was the first to land, by right of his position. Then the others beached and came up, leaning on their paddles, waiting. Among the crowd ashore there were a few half-breeds, but the majority were pure Montagnais and Nascaupees, mostly very dark of skin, with complexions differing widely from those of the Plains Indians. Chiefly they were tall and sturdy men, the women and children keeping somewhat in the background.

"*Quey, quey*!" Pete saluted them.

The words of greeting were repeated in chorus. It was very evident that these Indians were glad indeed to see him.

"What about Jim Barry?" he asked.

An old man held up his finger, to attract his attention. Then he pointed to a tongue of land that jutted out into the lake. The waters were very calm and glassy, kissed here and there by tiny wind-flaws that just ruffled the surface. Upon the tiny promontory, under a few shadowing trees that had been allowed to remain there, Pete saw a rude cross made of sawn branches tied together. He walked towards it and looked at the newly made grave. By the side of it there was an older one.

"That Jim Barry," said the man, who had followed him. "This one Barry's woman."

"It may be better for the poor chap," commented Pete.

While the men were unloading the canoes, willingly helped by all the Indian population, the new agent asked for details. The older men crowded around. It was easy to see that they were somewhat nervous. This was a new man; they didn't know him.

Pete found the girl simply invaluable. She knew the debt of every Indian at the post and who were the trustworthy ones. She would come in with the account books and long talks about the dealings followed

Doubtless they feared that Jim Barry's demise might be viewed with suspicion. In short sentences, corroborated by many nods, Pete heard their tale.

Pete looked at the men who had spoken. His experience of the northern Indian was extensive. There could not be the slightest doubt in his mind that they were telling the truth.

Later he found the disorder in the store-room was appalling. He described it as a hurrah's nest. It was evident that Barry, for some months, had kept no accounts of any sort. There was no inventory of goods on hand. When he sought to investigate the debts of the hunters he was appalled. There was a book for that purpose, but nothing had been entered in it for half a year. There were woeful deficiencies in the matter of tea and tobacco. It was lucky indeed a second brigade had come. After working hard for many hours he went and leaned against the door-post of the storehouse for a moment's rest while he cut himself a pipeful of plug.

His pipe once alight he returned to work, eagerly, glad to toil at the upbuilding of his future. Some wide shelves on the walls of the store-room needed cleaning and he tackled them. Luck would have it that he knocked over a rusty old pistol, hidden behind some boxes. It fell to the floor, exploded, and sent a large and greasy bullet through his leg. The Indians camped on the beach ran in, nervously, for Barry's actions had kept them on the jump for a long time. They found Pete sitting on the floor, holding the calf of his leg in a tight grip and looking pale and very foolish.

They all joined in the consultation. With a jack-knife they dug out of the wound a piece of the blue overalls, after which they applied a variety of remedies, among which were cobwebs, that had grown all too plentiful under Barry's administration, together with exhausted quids of tobacco and some bruised leaves highly recommended by an old Indian woman very wise in such matters.

In spite of this treatment, or, perhaps, in virtue of it, Pete's leg soon swelled up ever so big and a high fever came upon him during which he said things that no Montagnais or Nascaupees could understand. This was hardly surprising when one considers that it was child's talk in Gaelic, absorbed in his early youth at Cape Breton, whence he originally hailed.

During the day the room was generally filled with Indians who sat upon the floor, leaning against the walls and smoking strong pipes, with the greatest solemnity. But after a time his attendants dwindled to one, who was a fine tall young woman christened Marie but

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The Little Welshman

First and Foremost and Always I am a Welshman
—Hon. David Lloyd-George

By Hugh S. Eayrs

THIS sketch might have been called half a hundred things. It might have been "David Lloyd George, Patriot and Democrat"; or, "From Peasant Lad to Minister of the Crown" would have filled the bill; or, equally apt, "The Man Behind the Men Behind the Man Behind the Gun," which, if it is a thought involved, is nevertheless, apposite enough. But if the Minister of Munitions in the British Cabinet were asked what title he liked best, he would not bother to sort over the many he may justly claim—he would say, as he did to me some years ago now, "Whatever I have done that has incurred the wrath of some people and the approval of others, whatever word of praise or blame I have earned, whatever good or bad personality I have become, I am still a Welshman. First and foremost and always I am a Welshman."

That little country, fourth part of the grand whole we know as the British Isles, has given much to the glory of its name, and the enrichment of the composite Old Country. But if it never gave aught but the lad of lowly origin who has come to be the outstanding example of the poet's words, when he spoke about one,

"Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green,
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of a throne,"

it gave enough, in this gallant little Welshman.

HIS name is David. I have always connected him in fancy with a very gruesome picture I used to look at when I was a youngster, delighted and entranced by the graphic stories in the Old Testament. It was a wood-cut which represented a brave and bonny youth, in one hand a sword—he had just purloined it—in the other a gory head, with wicked and fearsome features, and his feet planted fairly and triumphantly upon the gigantic corpse of a man—Goliath. Mr. Lloyd George's prototype slew a lion and a bear, and a Philistine. This later David has slain his lions and bears—plural, please—and he is after the Philistine at this present moment. His weapon, now, is Munitions. Formerly, he had just the sling and the few small stones of the David of old, the sling being his strong faith in his God, and the small stones being a passion for the welfare of the people, a burning patriotism, a never-changing sincerity of conviction, and the infinite capacity for taking pains, which marks a genius.

David Lloyd-George

ONE wonders, one is so amazed at the romance of this man's life. At fifty-two he stands the central figure in the British Empire. I do not think this will be doubted. At present he is probably the most popular.

It was not ever thus. A year ago, in addition to being the best-loved man in England, he was also the most-hated. The people loved him, often with a passionate love. The "four hundred", that cant term for our "classes" as distinct from the "masses," abominated him. But hated or loved, he has been the planet in the British heavens toward which attention has been directed for some years now. He is, indeed, ubiquitous. You can not get away from him.

"Have you seen Disraeli? Have you seen the Queen?" used to be the queries to North Americans by Britishers twenty years ago.

"Have you seen Lloyd George? Have you heard the Chancellor?" These are the questions to the dweller on this continent when he goes overseas now. Mr. Lloyd George has become one of the sights of London. A. G. Gardiner, that so-brilliant editor of one of the big London dailies, says it is as difficult to keep the name of Mr. Lloyd George out of the newspapers as it was to keep King Charles' head out of Mr. Dick's memorial. You cannot escape him. At church, at the vaudeville theatre, in the football crowd, in the tube, anywhere and everywhere, anywhen and everywhen, David Lloyd George is before you. His name blinks at you from the newsy's placards; books enough to paper the walls of a house have been written about him; diatribes sufficient to hang him a hundred times have been hurled at him: eulogies enough for the epitaphs of the total population of Canada have been uttered at the mention of his name. They tell me his Queen's Hall speech last August has been translated into fifteen languages. He has become famous above the famous.

I WONDER did he dream of it all forty years ago when he ran up and down the little village of Llanystumdwy on Carnarvon Coast? Those were hard times. His father died when he was very young, and his mother—of whom he has spoken again and again—had her hands very full.

"My mother," I heard him say, upon one occasion, "had

a hard struggle to bring up her children. But she never complained and never spoke of her struggles. It was not until long after that we were able to appreciate how fine had been her spirit in the hard task of bringing up her fatherless children. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely ever ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings."

His acquaintance with poverty was intimate, and in his teens he learned from bitter experience the creed that has made him perhaps the most outstanding apostle of Democracy. In the workshop of his uncle, Mr. Richard Lloyd George—to whom the Minister of Munitions admits he owes an incalculable debt—he heard the recitals of the grievances of the poor people, told with the dramatic vividness and impressive simplicity which characterize the Welshman.

"Never shall I forget," he said, "the harrowing narratives I heard when a mere boy, told thousands of times, of excessive rents and goading oppressions. They are among the traditions of my childhood."

I REMEMBER him once recollecting these early days of fighting. At his house in Downing Street the time for receiving visitors is breakfast. We were shown into the breakfast room. The Chancellor—so he was then—was breakfasting, and with him was his daughter Megan, a charming little girl. Megan demurely broke in on the conversation with a request for some more jam. The Chancellor passed it.

"We didn't have much jam when I was a kiddie," he said. "Sometimes," and his face took on a queer, pathetic little smile, "it was difficult enough to get bread and butter." He broke off, laughingly, "But Megan is as keen after jam as I am after Welsh Disestablishment," he said, turning to my friend, "and that's saying a lot, Mr. E——, isn't it?"

I referred just now to King David. This latter David has always been fighting his Goliaths. The fiercest one, hydra-headed, whose other name is legion, has been Public Opinion. It is difficult for those who do not know, to understand the burden of the hate with which the landed classes regarded him. He tells a story about himself and against himself which has been oft-repeated but which will still bear another telling. A man had saved another from drowning, and the Mayor of the city was presenting the rescuer with a testimonial.

"Really," said the rescuer, "I have done nothing to deserve this. I saw the man struggling in the water, went in after him, swam to him, turned him over to make sure it wasn't Lloyd George—and brought him out."

AS, STEP by step, he came further and further into the limelight, as —since we are living in war times—he secured enemy's trench after enemy's trench, the spite of his foes increased. His very name became a synonym for infamy. Editorial writers who did not like him bethought themselves of the old rhyme, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," and gloated over the aptness of the simile. Nurses, who found their children-charges hard to deal with, threatened them that the bogey-man, Lloyd George, should come and carry them away to dire destruction! Land-owners, titled personages, gentlemen of the cloth—damned him with an eloquence worthy of a better cause. You see, he was such a frightful fellow (I use the adjectival phrase of a young peer not unknown to us in Canada). He was such a bally nuisance. He took the bread out of the mouths of millionaire landowners by his absurd taxes. He wanted to know such private and personal details about the wealth of the moneyed folk. He got Parliament to make legal his Unearned Increment Duties, and then sent round his "Form IV." of awful memory, so that he might know who wasn't paying as much as he ought. He was, in fact, a bad, bad man altogether, according to many.

Yet he doesn't look it. There is no suggestion of a myrmidon of the Prince of Darkness about him. I have seen him again and again, on the golf links, in a drawing room, in the House, at public meetings, at close range and from afar, and I have never seen anything in his face but the light of conscientiousness and the grim determination to accomplish his purpose, when he is sure he is right.

Look at his face. His eyes, alert with either the fire of passion or the radiance of love of life, are the outstanding feature. Determined, purposeful, sincere, alight with the magic glint of one who does things and dares to do them, they are intensely human and can express alike his quick sympathy where it is asked, his hard condemnation where it is merited, his "Well done," when it is earned. I have seen those eyes bright with the fervor of his simple Methodist faith as he has preached the Gospel to the villagers at Criccieth, his summer home, in Wales. I have seen them display the flame that is in his heart. I have seen them dancing with a merry wit as he bethinks himself of some caustic and fitting commentary on the chat of the moment.

He was playing golf one day at Waldon Heath. His opponent, a dear friend of mine, made a sorry mess of a putt.

"That's an awful stroke," said he, "I was thinking of what we were saying."

"You were thinking of Mr. C——," said Mr. Lloyd George. "That's why you didn't go straight."

TO REVERT, for a moment, to a study of the man himself: Notice the breadth of forehead, which indicates intellectuality. Chambers' Dictionary tells me that intellectuality is understanding. It is applicable here. Mr. Lloyd George has the faculty of quick understanding in a remarkable degree. He has the hair of the aesthete, billows of it, brushed in orderly disorder across his big and brainy head. His chin is that of a fighter, a man whose hand is ready to his weapon, to whom a glimpse of the antagonist is the irresistible reveille. His smile dazzles and infects you. He loves to smile. He spends his life at it, and Chesterton says that the man who laughs withal is the man of serious intent. He diffuses the profound joy he feels in living. Looked at in one way, life is a grand game, a great experience. To him living is everything. The game, the tussle, the battle is his supremest joy. Life is far more to him than a mere procession of the victors in laurels and the vanquished in chains. It is the actual joust at which he is to tilt, the engagement in which he is taking part, the campaign in which he is generalissimo, commanding his faculties, his hopes, his high ambitions, his powers, and ordering them till they win the day for him.

One other thing—and that the most important of all—you cannot look upon Lloyd George and miss the sincerity, the conscientiousness—no other words are quite as good—in the man, reflected in his earnest glance. Extremist, maker of mistakes, man of vaulting ambition as he is, he is ever sincere. I think the people know it. They know that what David Lloyd George takes up he believes, with all his heart, to be everlastingly and wholly right.

David Lloyd George, I said just now, was ever a fighter? He started his militaristic career when, with his dog "Whig," he ran up and down the little village of his youth.

He had to fight his way into public life, after fighting for a living. He became, through conflict and by sheer force of striving, famous in his village, in his county, in his country. He was elected a member for Carnarvon Boroughs. Some fights were then won. But the hardest were to come.

HIS Parliamentary career has been a series of stands. Welsh Disestablishment, Land Taxes, the Boer War, State Insurance, one after another these

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"I have given him up"

AN EPISODE

THE Man had just passed by, and the Girl was taking Herself to task furiously.

"You know he doesn't care a bit about you. Why haven't you got more pride than to want him to? And why should he, anyway? He's years older than you—he must be nearly forty, and besides, I hear he has been engaged for years to another girl. If he wants to get married, let him marry her, and you mind your own business!"

Herself bridled up under so severe a censure. "What have I been doing but minding my business all these months? Have I let him know that I think he's so splendid? Did I ever tell him how I adored his quiet grey eyes, and his funny glum smile? Did I ever tell him that his very presence in the same town was enough for me? . . . . . Oh, it isn't enough! I feel so lost without him. . . . I can't let that other girl have him!"

"Well, you must and shall! So behave yourself! I am ashamed of you! Where is your pride, I ask again?"

"I haven't any."

So the Girl gave up in disgust, and rushed to her work in a mad frenzy.

Later on in the day, the Man telephoned.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Williams? Called up to tell you that I am going away some day this week. . . . Where? To England. . . . What's that you say? Yes, with the soldiers. . . . Thought I was going to wait for the unit from my University? . . . . No, I am going with the British medical force, the R. A. M. C. . . . . Yes, just made up my mind to-day. . . . . Not to go away without coming to say good-bye? . . . . Will you be in to-night? I have a few minutes to spare, will drop in. . . Good-bye for now."

The Girl turned away from the telephone, and walked quietly into the library with tight lips and clenched hands. She shut the door, walked across the room to the books, and took up one with a grim smile on her face. She faced Herself.

"See, you can be Spartan if you try! It is only a weak thing that can't give up even her dearest hope in a time of war. You'll just plan a course of reading, and get to work on it!"

And to prove her statement, she opened the book and read—with eyes unseeing, and heart unheeding—till book and girl slid on the floor in a little crumpled heap. She buried her face in her hands and dry, stifled sobs came, in spite of all her boasted will-power. Just for a few minutes she gave way, and then quietly she went upstairs. She went through her little prosaic tasks, she fitted a smile on her frozen lips, and no one knew the difference. Her heart felt like a heavy, aching weight dragging her down, her eyes had wells of tears behind them. She was quieter, that was all.

"I have given him up," she said to herself. "You have given him up," she said to the Girl in the mirror, but there was no reply.

Then she folded her hands together tightly, and sat down to wait till he should come.

"This is some wet and stormy night, believe me!" said the Man, as he shook himself out of his coat, and came to the fire. "That grate-fire looks good. Ha! . . . ."

He stretched himself out in comfort in the armchair, while the girl sat

By J. B. C. YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HEUSER

up straight opposite him, and smiled. But her hands were clasped tightly.

"It is a grand chance for you in your profession," she said. "You will meet all kinds of cases, and all sorts of new methods. I think it is simply great for you to go!"

"Do you? . . . Yes, by Jove, it will be great! It would be foolish to wait months for the University unit to go, when I have this offer. Two or three other fellows I knew at college are going too. We'll go across together, even if we are separated when we get there."

"Yes, but . . but the submarines! Won't you be awfully afraid of them?"

"Well, . . . so far as I can see, there is only one way to get across to England, and that is by boat. . . . And a fellow has only got to die once, so why worry? . . . . Besides, there is none dependent on me. . . . . I must be going! I had only a few minutes anyway. . . . . Jove! I rather hate to leave that grate-fire."

The Man got up and stretched his big length. He walked to the door, and the Girl followed him with the same smile on her lips.

"Well, good-bye! Maybe I'll see you again before I go."

She lifted her head, and opened her eyes on his—eyes wide with heart-weariness, lips still smiling. "Maybe you won't. . . . So shake hands now."

He smiled at her, and put out his hand. She put her two small ones in it. So strong it was. . . "I can't let it go!" rebelled Herself. "You must!" said the Girl. "No!" cried Herself in agony, and she put the big strong hand up to her cheek.

"Oh! Good-bye!" said she, looking up, and trying to bring back the smile to her lips. But she could not.

The Man was looking down very seriously. "Eve, is there any chance for an old fellow like me?"

She stood mute, still clutching the beloved hand.

"Eve! Do you really care a little about me? Have I got even a fighting chance?"

"That other girl!" said Eve with a sob. "And you never asked for a chance before?"

"Who? And you know I thought I was too old."

"May Andersley. And I'm twenty-seven myself."

"I never was engaged to that woman! Who told you that yarn?"

By this time his two arms were around the Girl, and her two hands were holding his coat-lapels as if for dear life.

"Say I'm not too old, dear."

"You'd never be too old, for I adore you."

"Little Sunshine! This war has been a wonder to me already. If I hadn't been going away. . . ."

"Oh, John, the submarines!"

"That's so, isn't it? By Jove, I'll have to be careful now! I've got someone dependent on me."

"Dear John!"

"And when I come back . . . if I come back . . ."

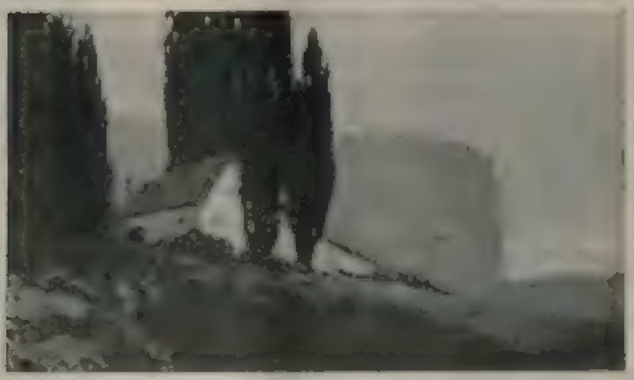
"Oh, you'll come back, you'll come back! For I love you, and love you!"

"Yes, just made up my mind to-day"

The Colonel's Resurrection

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



MISS LETITIA LIGHTFOOT was a sort of disease in the village of North Lake. Her yearly advent from the rival town of South Lake was accepted without resentment—much as were the visitations of youthful maladies, something temporarily trying but which left the patient better than before.

Miss Letty was directly descended from the Melkins. This stood for a good deal in North Lake, and by the same token, North Lake stood for a good deal because of it. Following the precedent set by her mother, she spent three months of the year there, during which time the unrebellious townsfolk resigned themselves philosophically to her despotic sway.

"Miss Lett's a Melkins-Lightfoot," they reminded one another. "We hadn't orter mind her fussin'."

There was one person, however, who would not acknowledge her right to act as Judge, Health Inspector, Moral Adviser, Minister of Public Works and Town Council. This was Colonel Abner Peterson—"Colonel" being a gift from the townsfolk at the same time they presented him with a gold watch, ponderous fob and massive chain, which connected him from side to side, like a Trans-Atlantic cable and undulated like the waves of the ocean across the expanse of his frivolous and highly-colored waistcoats. When Peterson returned from the troublous upheaval in the Northwest, North Lake had risen as a man to do honor to the soldier. All except Mrs. Lightfoot. She had consistently discouraged the attentions of Abner Peterson, boasting that Letty was going to do much better for herself. Consequently during the patriotic festivities she had sniffed invidiously and remarked:

"IT MAKES me sick to see Abner playing the he-ro like this, when he can't even show a scar! It would 'a seemed more fitting in my opinion, for him to 'a limped a little, or held his arm a-sling, or bandaged his head or sumpthing! He'll have to get it compressed by the time you've finished with all this tom-foolery," she added. "First thing you know, he'll be tellin' how *HE* put down the rebellion."

The Colonel's wrath was mighty when this tirade—with embellishments—was repeated to him. He vowed never again to set foot within the Lightfoot home, and he kept his vow, watching Miss Letty with cruel satisfaction (some imaginative people say) grow from a pretty young woman into an embittered old maid. And her parents were gathered to their fathers without seeing the consummation of their hopes for a brilliant match, but little realizing that had her suitors been legion, had they tramped a ceaseless march up to her door, Letty would have scorned them. Abner Peterson never had a rival in her heart.

Secretly she was pleased that he enjoyed the distinction of being "our citizen," even though she opposed him at every turn. Secretly she adored the perpetually militant atmosphere he shed and which the people of North Lake found so delightfully impressive. He had a way of diving to his hip for his handkerchief, as though he were about to "pull a bead" on some one; and in emphasizing his remarks, Colonel Peterson always levelled a horizontal forefinger at his victim, squinting along its pudgy length exactly as he might have sighted a rebel along the barrel of a revolver. He had idiosyncrasies and eccentricities; he confessed to an undying hatred of women—all women. Wouldn't have one around the place, and his feeble-minded old retainer, a man called Possum, the Colonel insisted on designating as his "orderly." It was said that he tried to teach Possum to sound the reveille upon the mouth organ, which was inseparable from his un-neat person, but the story may have been purely imaginary.

FOR twenty years, Miss Letty had cherished the hope that Abner Peterson would forgive her a sin she never had committed, but at last Hope died. The Colonel had grown set in his ways, and the habit of wanting her must have been broken. Indeed, he seemed to derive his greatest enjoyment

from annoying her, and for pride's sake she had to show an equal animosity toward him.

The year Miss Letty insisted that the Town Hall should be painted green, the Colonel delivered a spirited address, in which he argued for brown, and when matters reached an embarrassing tension, the building was painted terra cotta, at the mild suggestion of the parson. When the question of vaccinating the school children became an issue in North Lake, and the Colonel declared that there was no other way of preventing an outbreak of smallpox, Miss Letty loudly voiced her objections, averring that the Colonel was fifty years behind the times and that immunity from smallpox is a matter of municipal sanitation.

"Vaccination," she cried, "belongs to the days of Suttee and the eating of human livers! Put lime on your streets and soap on your children!" or stirring words to that effect.

And the Colonel chuckled in the seclusion of his own home, when he learned that the movement toward vaccination had been h o p e l e s s l y crushed.

They never spoke to one another but always at one another, through hirelings, mutual friends, or through that circulator of all news—the Postmaster.

"Miss Letty says them cucumbers of yours is wastin' fer attention, Colonel," commented Cox, one morning.

"They're no worse off than her tomatoes, without proper supports," retorted Peterson. "This stone-slinging stunt has descended right straight from David without a break, seems to me, glass houses and all! No mail? Well, good-morning."

ON THE fifteenth of last June a carriage and wagon from "The Mansion," South Lake, drew up at the door of the "country estate," North Lake, and the house was formally opened. Within an hour, eight people had called and the town soon learned that Miss Letty had brought Constantinople and Petrograd—Sofia and Liege having died of influenza durin' the last cold spell—and Miss Letty was wearin' her brown alpaca, which was certainly too good for every-day use, don't you think so?

The geographical references related to Miss Lightfoot's cats. She had never travelled beyond the limits of Hamilton and had confessed herself unpleasantly impressed with that great city. But her geography was not allowed to rust on that account. She called chickens, pets and dishes after well-known places and called them with a reason. For example, Petrograd was the offspring of a cat named Rusher, given to dashing about instead of walking or creeping as cats are wont to do. Constantinople was the heartless tortoise shell who evinced a fondness for young turkey chicks. Liege had suffered a severe beating at the hands of a youth who was just recovering from German measles—and so on.

"How'd Miss Letty look?" asked Mrs. Cox, of Mrs. Higgins, the afternoon of the spinster's arrival.

"Oh, she's just the same," returned the other. "No sooner did she get her hat off than she commenced cooking Madras rice for supper, and as Constantinople had et up all the Hawaiian cakes on the way over, she had to mix batter fer more."

"I bet she's jes' full of new receipts—keepin' up with war times," mused Mrs. Cox. "The way she gits hold of them furrin' dishes beats me! Like's not, she's startin' in on Serbia an' Bulgaria a'ready. Me—I can't even pernounce the names!"

Miss Letty was wearin' her brown alpaca—too good for every-day use, don't you think?

A MONTH passed, during which time Miss Letty put the Busy Little Bee to shame. She attended the Women's Foreign Mission Society, the Ladies' Social Club, Mothers' Meetings, the Reciprocity and Civic League and the Home Reading Circle. In each of these organizations Miss Lightfoot instituted drastic reforms. Dissenting voices were cut down in the flower of their youth, so to speak, in every matter but one — the Civic League stubbornly refused to interfere with the Colonel's domestic arrangements.

"But I call it ungodly," cried the spinster. "It's against all laws of Providence fer a man at his time of life to live without the ministrations of the tender, female hand! 'Twas bad enough when he an' Possum were young and spry—not that I'm saying as how the place was kept clean, even then! But to my certain knowledge, the parlor curtains haven't been taken down for six years this July, and there are other matters I could mention."

"But Miss Letty——"

"Only yesterday Mrs. Maguire came to me looking fer work. I'd like to see *her* redding up Abner—Colonel Peterson's house at least once a week. There's a woman with a working arm! Which one of you——" she paused, oratorically, and looked round t h e group, "would like to set foot in a house that hadn't seen a woman's clean-up fer—land knows how many years? Think of the attic, think of the cellar; think of the—pantry! And the state of his socks and—er—under things, with only Possum to wash and mend 'em!"

"He'd reely oughter be married," spoke Sarah Markell, looking in embarrassment past Miss Letty and out of the window. She hardly knew how to acquaint her with the current gossip. "They do say as how he's considerin' it, himself," she blurted. "My Harriet was teasin' him the other day an' he didn't deny it—he jes' chucked her under the chin—her as will be eighteen come Whitsuntide—an' sez, 'Oh, Hattie, you're a little witch!'"

To which Miss Lightfoot replied with acerbity:

"That don't mean he's actually sot on matrimony, Sarah Markell. When you're eighteen an' pretty they call you a little witch; when you're forty and wrinkled, they call you an old hag."

The Colonel chuckled when he heard this, remarking to Possum that "She had a deal of sense—for a woman," and he took considerable pains to keep the rumor afloat, the rumor which affirmed that he was going to Hamilton to chose himself a bride.

The townsfolk accepted this gossip

with childish gullibility; not so, Possum. "Hamilton be dod-ratted," he would have told you. Didn't the Colonel sit at his dining room window morning after morning, pretending to read the paper, but in reality watching Miss Letty through his field glasses, as she ministered to the simple wants of Petrograd and Constantinople? And as soon as she finished feeding the cats and clipping her flowers, didn't he leave the window and wander through his own untended garden, grumbling in an unreasoning way about every cussed thing? Worse—Possum would have told you. On rainy mornings when Miss Letty did not bring the cats outside, didn't Colonel Peterson ramble through the house like a soul distraught, hunting up cobwebs and unearthing rolls of dust which had lain peaceful and undisturbed under his heavy furniture this many a day?

Possum had opinions of his own about this marriage business.

"Colonel's turned daft," he would have said. "On'y he ain't goin' to back down in the ordi-nary way."

"Who is she?" Henry Higgins repeated, when harassed by his wife. "Well, they do say he's actin' the giddy goat over a dashin' widder who's got a box o' di'monds big ez a flour bar'l, an' whose clothes is a reg'lar dedication to the dressmaker's art."

"Humph!" sneered Mrs. Higgins, holding a stocking on her plump hand so that the pink of her palm showed through the heel. "Humph! If it's di'monds an' clothes he's after, he'd better buy 'em off a travellin' salesman —an' let the widder inside, alone. He'll find it cheaper in the long run."

THE Colonel made a week's trip to Hamilton, returning to North Lake the victim of some mysterious and possibly contagious malady. He refused to see visitors and would not call in the doctor. Any news which filtered out of the stricken home, therefore, came in the form of mental telepathy—grossly contorted in transmission. Possum was closely confined with his master, so the interesting faction known as "they" invested Abner Peterson with everything from gout to smallpox, finally concluding that his mind had given way under the strain of "sparkin'" a gay young widder.

What Spartan restraint Miss Letty placed upon her feminine soul not even Hiram Cox or Sarah Markell knew—and they knew most everything. To realize that Abner Peterson lay ill at the mercy of Possum who would not have sense enough to air his sheets, much less cook suitable food for him, was almost more than she could bear. Some times at night, she alarmed Constantinople and Petrograd by her violence, and they would scamper away and hide under Gran'pa Melkins horsehair sofa, until their mistress had exhausted herself in her tantrums. But she managed to control herself, abroad.

ONE morning Mr. Cox reported that the Colonel was very low. It was no more than might have been expected; people alwus took sickest when Dr. Pettifer was off, fishin'. And rumor further stated that Abner Peterson had deliberately waited for this moment so that he might slip beyond the reach of human aid, because the widow had refused him.

There was such a constant stream of enquirers at the post office that Cox declared the steps would be worn away if the Colonel did not soon die—or recover. Sarah Markell made so many trips that finally Cox, looking at her crossly over his spectacles, complained, "Yer memory must be peterin' out, Sarah Markell! Ain't I tol' ye three times within the hour that the Colonel's tolerably wusser, an' there ain't no bulletin issued to the con-trary?"

Mrs. Markell drew herself to as dignified a position as round shoulders would permit, and replied with crushing dignity:

"Well, Mister Cox, I don't know as you've the right to take this stand without knowin' the entire circumstances. I ain't been askin' fer myself; each enquiry was fer a different person!"

EARLY in the afternoon, darkness settled over North Lake and ominous thunder clouds obscured all objects, great and small. To this day the townfolk speak of that storm as "*The Thunderstorm*". Even the animals sensed something unusual and sought shelter. At five minutes past five there was not a person to be seen abroad, shutters were closed, cellars were occupied and every precaution against death by lightning was taken. The awful storm broke, ripped chimneys from houses, and the roof from the church; it uprooted trees, screamed about the village, and set the teeth of the people chattering. At six-thirty, it had somewhat abated, but a heavy gloom hovered over the town and a fine drizzle added to the general cheerlessness.

Cautiously, Miss Letitia Lightfoot, stepped from her side door into the beaten-down garden and thence into the street. She did not expect to meet anyone. Her gait was mincing, as she tried to avoid the puddles; but her extreme short-sightedness sometimes took her directly into them while she skipped across nothing more dangerous than a shadow. She passed the Higgins' house where cries of the children gave testimony to their overwrought feelings, and on toward the Colonel's home, where an eerie quiet made her heart thump alarmingly. She was not going to bombard Abner Peterson's stronghold, but to Sarah Markell's, to try to find from her how the storm had affected the nerves of the invalid. Sarah would be sure to know.

UNCONSCIOUSLY her steps lagged as she passed the gate. Of a sudden they stopped altogether and Miss Letty's thin hand clutched the bosom of her alpaca gown. She did not scream, but uttered a pathetic little moan as she clung to the paling of the fence.

Presently, she regained sufficient strength to totter back to the Higgins home and beat upon the door.

"The Colonel is dead," she whispered to Henry who answered her summons. "There is crepe on the door."

The news travelled swiftly, and soon there was a sniffling crowd at the gate, all staring at the indistinct, dolorous symbol of a life departed. The younger people cried openly, more to ease their sentimental feelings than because of actual grief at the Colonel's demise. They had hoped that the elderly lovers would yet clasp hands before the altar and revive the nearly extinct flame of Hymen's bridal torch. The older members of the group wagged their heads and looked furtively at Miss Letty, grim and silent.

"When did it happen?" asked some one in a whisper, and they all turned to her to answer.

"During the storm," she said.

"No one with him?"

Miss Letty's eye wandered over the group to see if any who might have been privileged to speed Abner Peterson upon his last long journey were present in the gathering, so she shook her head.

After a moment, the vague whispering which followed her mute negation took concrete form and Mr. Higgins approached her.

"We think, madam," he said, slowly and with due impressiveness, "that as the oldest friend of the Colonel's and in consequence of the strong bond which once existed betwixt—er—the two families, we think that it is your sacred dooty to proceed to the house of affliction and satisfy yourself that—er—decent customs prevail. Ahem! We consider—" he continued after whispered promptings from his wife and Sarah Markell, "that it is your dooty to—ah . . . go . . alone."

A MURMUR of approval drowned Miss Letty's unintelligible reply, and she passed trembling through the gate, which Higgins held open for her. Falteringly, she trod the long pebbled path, walking with a ghost of the Past; twenty-two years before she had made plans for the improvement of the garden; twenty years ago, she had been

Continued on page 234.

Church Union in Canada

Some of the Views of those opposed to it and some of the Hopes of those who would unite the Protestant forces

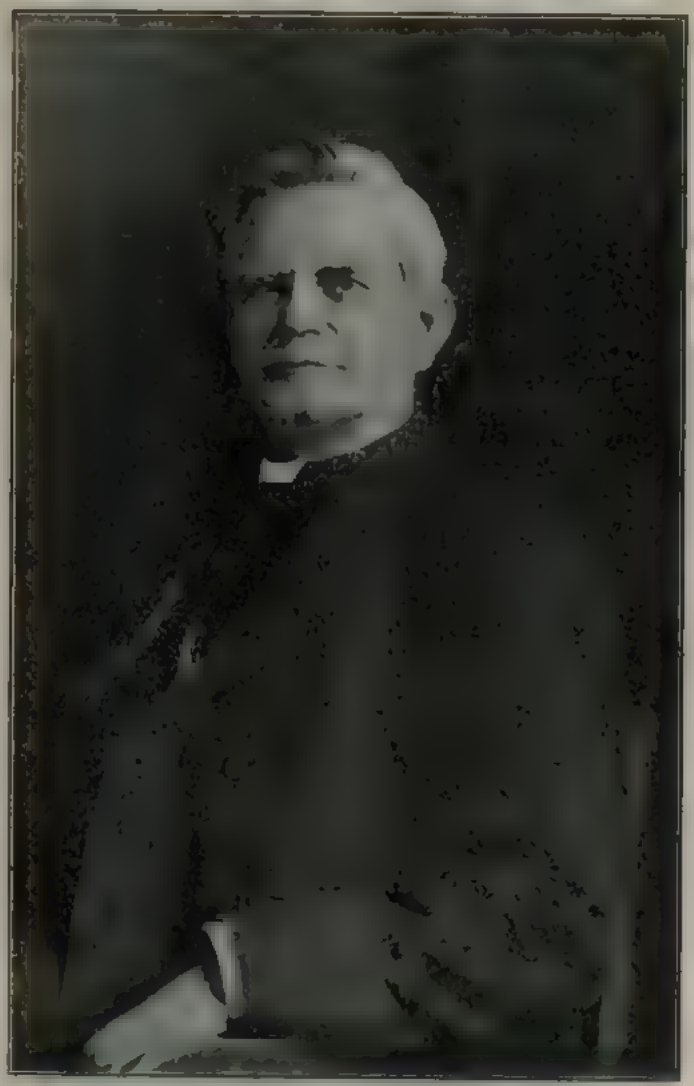
By Betty D. Thornley

IF a man is born Scotch, ten to one he's also born a Presbyterian. If a Canadian, he reads the *Globe*, votes Grit, lives respected and dies poor. There are exceptions of course, but this is the rule Not likely he'd object to somebody's changing his Bradstreet rating, but if you meddled with his paper, his party or his pew, you'd never forget it.

Which is perhaps the reason why Church Union, mooted twelve years ago; approved by the heads of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Churches from the very start; carried by the two latter denominations in 1911; once carried also by the Presbyterians; has in these last days received its death blow, in the east at any rate, at the hands of Sandy Saunderson

As Dr. W. H. Hincks, of Toronto, remarks—himself a Methodist and an Irishman "I opposed Union from the start, not because it wouldn't be beautiful, but because it couldn't come true. A Scotchman wouldn't be a Scotchman if he wasn't a Presbyterian."

Methodists on the other hand are a composite body racially composite, with no common traditions. They were all Anglicans a few generations ago. Having changed once, they can readily change again, provided they think it in the interests of progress. And they are so formed mentally that they could think it. They have never died for their form of the faith—there are no Covenanter-fires in their blood-memories. They are, in the main, essentially non-conservative, non-theological, inclined to be opportunists. They have the strength and the weakness of the fluid-minded. They are as un-Presbyterian a people as exists.



Dr. Stephen Bond

NO typical Methodist of course ever led the Methodists, nor is a typical Presbyterian apt to sit in the Moderator's chair, for the reason that a church-type man, like a party-type man, is essentially too vivid too close to the soil, too one-sided to be acceptable to everybody The Methodist leaders, the Presbyterian leaders are church-cosmopolites The type-people sit in the centre pews of downtown churches or drive for miles along the sidelines to attend kirk in the country. And here it is that Sandy Saunderson has turned down Union

The first get-together meeting was held in Knox Church, Toronto, on Wednesday the 21st day of December, 1904 The Rev. Principal Caven was there and Dr. Warden, Dr. Potts and Dr. Sutherland, all four of whom have since gone to join the Union Church in the land where no divisions exist.

Dr. R. P. MacKay, Secretary of Foreign Missions for the Presbyterian Church, was also present at the initial meetting, and the other day he talked it over with *Canada Monthly*, sitting in his office in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto

"If I consulted my own personal preferences, I don't suppose I'd be in favor of Union," he said smiling, "but I'm not thinking of days I'll see, or even of days you'll see I'm thinking of Canada a hundred years from now. I'm thinking of what the Assembly wrote in the pamphlet containing the last Basis of Union —do you remember *t*

> 5. Whereas, further, by the outbreak of war a new situation has been created, among the elements of which are the following
>
> (*a*) A changed judgment of values, so that matters which formerly distracted and divided men are now accounted trivial in the presence of the vast issues involved
>
> (*b*) A weakening of class distinctions, which renders possible a degree of united action hitherto impracticable
>
> (*c*) A new spirit of self-sacrifice which is impressively illustrated by our soldiers and by our King, and which the Church, in the name of her crucified Lord is called upon to exhibit by the subordination of every other consideration to the supreme purpose of bringing men to recognise Jesus Christ as the Hope of the World
>
> (*d*) An expected increase in the volume of immigration into Canada after the close

[illegible] original Basis of Union embodied [illegible] by its Union Committ[illegible]

2 Therefore, this Assembly hereby declares its approval of the basis of Union [illegible] Church may unite with the Methodist and Congregational [illegible] Presbyteries for their judgment under the Barrier Act, and that the [illegible] on law be also transmitted to Presbyteries for their judgment and that the resolution be sent [illegible]

BUT away back in 1904 they couldn't urge Union as a war measure They merely saw the West filling up so fast that they feared for its welfare They were afraid of repeating the mistake of the United States in allowing the settling of whole churchless districts, where even to-day a child would have to go ten miles to find a Sunday School. And to their way of thinking, the one way to avoid that mistake was to get together and talk it over

And so they went to Knox Church — those white-headed old prophets, their eyes on little Johnny Canuck and their brains busy trying to dovetail the free will of man and the sovereignty of God in such a way that Johnny's future Union Sunday School teacher should make a Christian man of him

As I said before, John Knox and his spiritual descendants are possessed of more innately theological minds than John Wesley and his family desire to claim. Wherefore John Knox had earned the right of the deciding voice when it came to the doctrinal part of the basis of Union.

"The Presbyterian Church of the United States had just come to the conclusion that the Westminster Confession of Faith wasn't read any more,' Dr. MacKay told *Canada Monthly*, "so they appointed a Committee, headed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke to prepare a digest of its teachings for distribution to their membership I had a copy with me. The Canadian Committee examined and approved of it. And that absolutely Presbyterian statement is substantially the present doctrinal Basis of Union."

Dr. MacKay is grieved that Sandy hasn't seen it so. He thinks he certainly would have if the minority, sternly opposed to Union, hadn't worked so hard this past year, talked so fast and written so freely. He believes even yet that the great get-together day is merely postponed The West is so overwhelmingly in favor of it, he pointed out

H. E Irwin, K C., of Toronto, is friend of Dr. MacKay's. He is also one of the fiercest and most effective anti-Unionists

Look at the long list of opponents of Union in the *Presbyterian Advocate* he says. "There is Lieut. Governor Macgregor, of Nova Scotia, Lieut Governor Hendrie, of Ontario, Sir Mortimer Clark, Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones, Sir Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, ex-Chief Justice of Manitoba, Mr John Penman, of Paris,—there are seven hundred prominent men on the Committee's roll, and the list isn't nearly complete."

Hardly one-half the Presbyterians voted the first time, said Mr. Irwin, "they didn't study the basis of Union at all, largely because they didn't really feel there was the faintest likelihood of its ever coming. When they woke to the real danger, they took up the question of the reported unnecessary multiplication of churches in the West and an actual investigation proved in the first place that there were very few of these, and, in the second place, that where friendly arrangements were made and the field left to one or the other, the results hadn't been satisfactory."

But the most prolific cause of objection was of course what the *Advocate* called, "Kaiserism in the shape of the Settlement Committee"—interference with the free and inalienable right of the Session to hire and dismiss its minister. Methodist anti-Unionists on the other hand objected that the Session had too much power and the Settlement Committee too little! Which goes to show that it doesn't pay to try to please everybody. You only succeed in getting everybody down on you

Personally Mr. Irwin objects to Union on historical grounds, and in this he is joined by the Rev. A. B Winchester, present pastor of Knox, seat of the original church-union conference

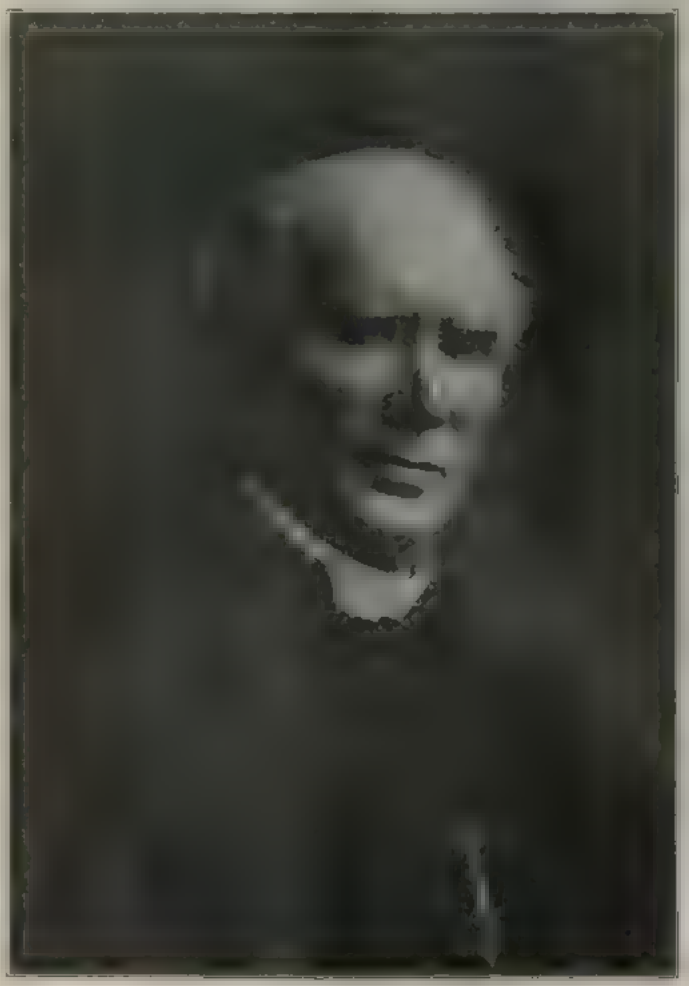
"There has never been a powerful church in history that has not become a corrupt church," Mr. Irwin declares. He is at least consistent in his opposition to federation in that he wishes the Auld Lichts and the U. P.'s hadn't got together either, and thinks there was more spirituality among the Methodists when they were a whole family of little churchlets instead of one body as at present.

The Methodist objectors take their stand mainly on doctrinal points, which is to be expected, considering the source of that part of the Basis of Union. Though they are few in number, these oppositionists, they are exceedingly firm. The Rev. Stephen Bond, was one of the first and will be found holding out with the last. Mr. Bond is a born theologian with all the mental essentials of a creedmaker.

Article III. of the doctrinal basis was one of his chief points of attack. It formerly read

> "Article III.—*Of the Divine Purpose.*—We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away, nor is God the author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfilment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory."

Mr. Bond resented that first clause. It was predestination, straight, he pointed out.



Dr R. P. MacKay

And the Committee saw he was right. They took the little word "so" and they jacked it up out of the third line into the second. The sentence then read, "We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God *so* embraces all events that, while the freedom of man is not interferred with, etc."

Don't see the difference? Neither did we at first. Get back into second speed and think it over. It's there all right.

Similarly Article VI. contains the germs of election and reprobation—those capitalized Calvinisms—when it says

> 'Article VI. *Of the Grace of God.*—We believe that God, out of His great love for the world, has given His only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners, and in the Gospel freely offers His all-sufficient salvation to all men. We believe also that God in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation.'

If God gave to His Son a people, a multitude however "innumerable," Mr Bond will tell you, it follows that there were some that He didn't give. Ergo, those were reprobated as the others were elected. And Methodists, remember, have never stood for elections.

Article IX. used to be the one on "Faith and Repentance." Article X. was called "Regeneration." But in 1907 a Calvinist got in by night and he reversed them somehow, so that Regeneration now comes first. Foreordination again, don't you see?

Mr. Bond and his allies have other objections. They are Anglican enough to dislike the fact that the spiritual section of the governing board of the local church (i.e. the Session) has control of the administering of the sacraments. Wherefore laymen may officiate at the Lord's Supper.

Leaving theology, most Methodist objectors don't care for the arrangement whereby the Presbyterians propose to give malcontent non-joiners their share of the invested funds of the church, while the Methodists come in root and branch. Individual Presbyterian churches also carry endowments which wouldn't become unionized.

So much for the objectors, Methodist and Presbyterian.

We've left Dr. MacKay a long time sitting grieved in his office in the Confederation Life Building. Let's take the car due west to the big new Wesley Building and there we'll find another smiling but disappointed man in the person of Dr. S. D. Chown, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. The views of Dr. Chown are interesting.

Yes, I believe it would have worked," he tells us. "In six hundred localities out West the two churches got together and readjusted things. We haven't had half a dozen protests.

"I'm still in favor of Union. My opinion is unchanged on the desirability of the moral and organic unity of the great religious forces of the community, and I am as much impressed as ever with the economic advantage of preventing overlapping in the West.

'Owing to the blurred ideals that came into the church when the proposal for organic union was made, there was some slackness for a time. Men stood and wondered what great thing was about to be evolved as by a miracle from the conception of a united church, and ceased to put behind their own church work the same undivided and well-directed energy.

'We are not trying to reach an opinion as yet as to whether Union will take place or not, but if it should be defeated finally, the Methodist Church is ready to proceed with vigor toward the accomplishment of its great work in Canada.

'We now have 43,000 more members than any other non-conformist body in the country and the increase is not from immigration but from the Christian activity of our own ministers and people.

The Methodist Church has a Sunday School force equal to that of the Presbyterians and the Anglicans combined. Its connectional funds are in a flourishing condition. It could spend more money but it is not harassed with debt. The cause of Christian education has gone forward of recent years with immense strides, so that there has been an increase in the value of educational property (not including endowments) of some $2,377 387 from 1910 to 1914.

'The value of the property owned by the Methodist Church in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda on April 30th, 1914 was $41,905,245.

'Every effective man wanting circuit work has it and every circuit has a pastor except in so far as readjustment is necessary at this moment owing to the appointment of some ministers as chaplains and the heavy enlistment of probationers in the fighting force of Canada.'

In short, though not yet ready for Union, we cheerfully take up the White Man's Burden and run the race that is set before us, and we will continue to do so, whether as Methodists or as part of the great United Church of Canada.

Dr. H. E. Irwin

It was the golden period of his life

Will Rudd's Boy

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by N. H. Hewitt

IN the tame little town of Hillsdale he seemed the tamest thing of all, Will Rudd—especially appropriate to a kneeling trade, a shoe clerk by election. But he was not so lowly as he looked, though he bent the pregnant hinges to anybody soever that entered the shop, with its ingenious rebus on the signboard.

He not only untied the stilted Oxfords or buttoned in the arching insteps of those who sat in the "Ladies' and Misses' Dept.," which was the other side of the double-backed bench, whose obverse was the "Gents' Dept.," but also he took upon the glistening surface of his trousers the muddy soles of merchants, the clay-bronzed brogans of hired men, the cowhide toboggans of teamsters, and the brass-toed, red-kneed boots of little boys ecstatic in their first feel of big leather.

Rudd was a shoe clerk to be trusted. He never revealed to a soul that Miss Clara Lommel wore shoes two sizes too small, and when she bit her lip and blenched with agony as he pried her heel into the protesting dongola, he seemed not to notice that she was no Cinderella

And one day, when it was too late, and Miss Lucy Posnett, whose people lived in the big brick mansard, realized that she had a hole in her stocking, what did Rudd do? Why, he never let on

Stanch Methodist that he was, William Rudd stifled *in petto* the fact that the Presbyterian minister's wife was vain, and bought little, soft black kids, with the Cuban heel and a patent-leather tip to the opera toe! The United Presbyterian minister himself had salved his own vanity by saying that shoes show so plainly on the pulpit, and it was better to buy them a trifle too small than a trifle too large, but—umm!—er, hadn't you better put in a little more of that powder, Mr. Rudd?—I have on—whew!—unusually thick socks to-day

CLAY KITTREDGE, Rudd's employer, also valued him, secretly, as a man who brought in customers and sold them goods. But he never mentioned this to his clerk, lest Rudd be tempted to the sin of vanity and incidentally to demanding an increase in that salary which had remained the same since he had been promoted from delivery boy.

Kittredge found that Rudd kept his secrets as he kept everybody else's. Professing church member as he was, Rudd earnestly palmed off shopworn stock for fresh invoices, declared that the obsolete Piccadillies which Kittredge had snapped up from a bankrupt sale were worn on all the best feet

on all the main streets of all the leading cities and blandly substituted just as good" for advertised wares that Kittredge did not carry.

Besides, when no customer was in the shop he spent the time at the back window, doctoring tags—as the King of France negotiated the hill—by marking up prices, then marking them down.

But when he took his hat from the peg and set it on his head, he put on his private conscience. Whatever else he did, he never lied or cheated to his own advantage.

And so everybody in town liked William Rudd, and nobody admired him. He was treated with the affectionate contempt of an old family servant. But he had his ambitions and great ones, ambitions that reached past himself into the future of another generation. He felt the thrill that stirs the acorn, fallen into the ground and hidden there, but destined to father an oak. His was the ambition beyond ambition that clothes the seed in the husk and ennobles the roots of trees thrusting themselves downward and gripping obscurity in order that trunks and branches, flowers and fruits, pods and cones, may flourish aloft.

EVENTUALLY old Skinflint Kittredge died, and the son chopped the "Jr." curlicue from the end of his name, and began a new regime. The old Kittredge had sought only his own aggrandizement, and his son was his son. The new Clay Kittredge had gone to public school with Rudd and they continued to be "Clay" and "Will" to each other; no one would ever have called Rudd by so demonstrative a name as "Bill."

When Clay second stepped into his father's boots—and shoes, he began to enlarge the business, hoping to efface his father's achievements by his own. The shop gradually expanded to a department store for covering all portions of the anatomy and supplying inner wants as well.

Rudd was so overjoyed at not being uprooted and flung aside to die, that he never observed the shrewd irony of Kittredge's phrase: "You may remain, Will, with no reduction of salary."

To have lost his humble position would have frustrated his dream, for he was doing his best to build for himself and for Her a home where they could fulfill their destinies. He cherished no hope, hardly even a desire, to be a great or rich man himself. He was one of the nest-weavers, the cave-burrowers, the home-makers, who prepare the way for the greater than themselves who shall spring from themselves.

HE was of those who become the unknown fathers of great men. And so, on a salary that would have meant penury to a man of self-seeking tastes, he managed to save always the major part of his earning. At the bank he was a modest but regular visitor to the receiving teller, and almost a total stranger to the paying teller.

His wildest dissipation being a second pipeful of tobacco before he went to bed—or "retired," as he would more gently have said it—he eventually heaped up enough to ask Martha Kellogg to marry him. Martha, who was the plainest woman in plain Hillsdale, accepted William, and they were made one by the parson. The wedding was not accounted "swell" even in Hillsdale.

The groomy bridegroom and the unbridy bride spent together all the time that Rudd could spare from the store. He bought for her a little frame house with a porch about as big as an upper berth, a patch of grass with a path through it to the back door, some hollyhocks of startling color, and a highly unimportant woodshed. It spelled HOME to them, and they were as happy as people usually are. He did all he could to please her. At her desire he even gave up his pipe without missing it—much.

Mrs. Martha Rudd was an ambitious woman, or at least restless and discontented. Having escaped a woman's supreme horror, that of being an old maid, she perked up enough to grow ambitious for her husband. She nagged him for a while about his plodding ways, the things that satisfied him, the salary he endured. But it did no good. Will Rudd was never meant to put boots and spurs on his own feet and splash around in gore He was for carpet slippers, congress gaiters, and on wet days, rubbers; on slushy days, he even descended to what he called "ar'tics."

NOT understanding the true majesty of her husband's long-distance dreams, and baffled by his unresponse to her ambitions for him, Martha grew ambitious for the child that was coming. She grew frantically, fantastically ambitious. Here was something William Rudd could respond to. He could be ambitious as Caesar—but vicariously. He was a groundling, but his son should climb.

Husband and wife spent evenings and evenings debating the future of the child. They never agreed on the name—or the alternative names. For it is advisable to have two ready for any emergency. But the future was rosy. They were unanimous on that—President of the United States, mebbe; or at least the President's wife.

Mrs. Rudd, who occasionally read the continued stories in the evening paper, had happened on a hero named "Eric." She favored that name—or Rosalie, as the case might be. In any event, the child's future was so glowing that it warmed Mrs. Rudd to asking

He was a shoe clerk to be trusted

Thereafter they sat of evenings by the lamp

one evening, forgetful of her earlier edict:

"Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?"

"I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy," he said, and added hastily: "But I guess I'll git back in."

Thereafter they sat of evenings by the lamp, he smoking, she sewing things—holding them up now and then for him to see. They looked almost too small to be convincing, until he brought home from the store a pair of shoes—"the smallest size made, Marthy, too small for some of the dolls you see over at Bostwick's."

It was the golden period of his life. Rudd never sold shoes so well. People could hardly resist his high spirits. Anticipation is a great thing—it is all that some people get

To be a successful shoe clerk one must acquire the patience of Job without his gift of complaint, and Rudd was thoroughly schooled. So he waited with a hope-lit serenity the preamble to the arrival of his—her—their child.

AND then fate, which had previously been content with denying him comforts and keeping him from luxuries, dealt him a blow in the face, smote him on his patient mouth. The doctor told him that the little body of his son had been born still. After that, it was rather a stupor of despair than courage that carried him through the vain struggle for life of the wornout housewife who became only almost a mother. It seemed merely the logical completion of the world's cruelty when the doctor laid a heavy hand on his shoulder and walked out of the door, without leaving any prescription to fill. Rudd stood like a wooden Indian, too dazed to understand or to feel. He opened the door to the undertaker and waited outside the room, just twiddling his fingers and wondering. His world had come to an end, and he did not know what to do

At the church, the offices of the parson, and the soprano's voice from behind the flowers, singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me"—Marthy's favorite hymn—brought the tears trickling, but he could not believe that what had happened had happened. He got through the melancholy honor of riding in the first hack in the shabby pageant, though the town looked strange from that window. He shivered stupidly at the first sight of the trench in the turf which was to be the new lodging of his family. He kept as quiet as any of the group among the mounds while the bareheaded preacher finished his part.

He was too numb with incredulity to find any expression until he heard that awfulest sound that ever grates the human ear—the first shovelful of clods rattling on a coffin. Then he understood—then he woke. When he saw the muddy spade spill dirt hideously above her lips, her cheeks, her brow, and the little bundle of futile flesh she cuddled with a rigid arm to a breast of ice—then a cry like the shriek of a falling tree split his throat and he dropped into the grave, sprawling across the casket, beating on its denying door, and sobbing:

"You mustn't go alone, Marthy. I won't let you two go all by yourselves. It's so fur and so dark. I can't live without you and the—the baby. Wait! Wait!"

They dragged him out, and the shovels concluded their venerable task. He was sobbing too loudly to hear them, and the parson was holding him in his arms and patting his back and saying "Shh! Shh!" as if he were a child afraid of the dark.

The sparse company that had gathered to pay the last devoir to the unimportant woman in the box in the ditch, felt, most of all, amazement such an unexpected outburst from so respectable a man as William Rudd. There was much talk about it as the horses galloped home, much talk in every carriage except his and the one that had been hers.

Up to this, the neighbors had taken the whole affair with that spectacular philosophy neighbors apply to other people's woes. Mrs. Budd Grange had said to Mrs. Ad. Peck when they met in Bostwick's drygoods store, at the linen counter:

"Too bad about Martha Rudd, isn't it? Plain little body, but nice. Meant well. Went to church regular. Yes, it's too bad. I don't think the ought to put off the strawb'ry fest'val, though, just for that, do you? Never would be any fun if we stopped for every funeral, would there? Besides, the strawb'ry fest'val's for charity, isn't it?"

The strawberry festival was not put off and the town paper said that "a pleasant time was had by all." Most of the talk was about Will Rudd. The quiet shoe clerk had provided the town with an alarm, an astonishment. He was most astounded of all. As he rode back to the frame house in the swaying carriage, he absolutely could not

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And then fate dealt him a blow in the face

What the Movies are Doing For Canada

By June Keith

Illustrated from Photographs

SHE was a demure little old lady and no one would ever in the world have suspected her of being a movie fan, for her children and grandchildren were poking tender fun at her for her weakness in that line. She seemed to think that she must defend herself, for she said in her mild old voice:

Well, you see, it is like this. Ever since I can remember the dearest wish of my heart has been to travel. I was born and raised in a little village and I have lived in this town ever since I was married, and I've never had a real trip. There was money enough for other things but never for railroad tickets. And now that the children are all grown and I might go, it is too late. I am too old to go knocking about on trains and in strange places."

She paused a moment and then added, with a smile of satisfaction:

But I don't need to. All I need do is pay ten or fifteen cents to sit in a pretty little theater where, if I wait long enough, the whole world is brought to me. I was in Japan this afternoon. I have always wanted to see Japan and now I've been."

And there you have an excellent illustration of one of the most wonderful and delightful features of the moving picture development that has touched such far corners of the world. Distant lands have been brought near, strange peoples made familiar, through the magic-working "movies."

And of the countries thus exploited Canada has been by no means the last or least. Hundreds of thousands of people have "seen Canada" in the last few years in the same way that the old lady saw Japan. They have seen her majestic mountain peaks, her wide and sunny prairies, her rich forests, her mighty rivers. Some day there will be some wonderful scenarios with the Rockies for a background but they are yet to be written. One of the largest of the moving picture companies, however, has magnificent views of the mountains taken with the idea of staging some plays there in the future.

Miss June Keith, moving picture actress, who sees a great film future for Canada.

The world has seen, too, on the screen, Canada's beautiful cities and glimpses of her great and manifold industries and activities. Actual, vivid, interesting pictures of these things bring to the mind of the observer, as nothing else could do, a realization of the character of the country where the scenes are laid. For example it may be instructive but it is certainly not exciting to read in the Encyclopedia Brittanica that "all the precious metals are found in Canada" but it is quite another thing to have flashed upon the screen before you a view of a mountain side with something that looks like a large hornet's nest stuck up near the top.

What can that curious looking lump be" you marvel and next instant a nearer view shows that the antlike creatures traversing it are men, going back and forth on narrow trails and ledges, thousands of feet high in air. "Canadian silver mine" says the text, and no one who has ever seen that picture forgets afterward that there are silver mines in Canada.

So with the lumber industry. There is a wonderfully thrilling scenario whose hero has charge of a great lumber camp and whom we see riding the logs and saving a man's life in a terrible "jam" on the river.

The great fisheries and the agricultural regions are shown less often but the fur-traders make a picturesque source to draw upon. There is a film depicting every step in the long process that goes to make a coat for milady from the skins of many little wild creatures. We see the hunter setting his snares and removing the small, soft bodies from them. Then there is the skinning, the drying and scraping and curing, the trimming and shaping, the sewing together and making up all the long careful, patient steps that must be taken in order to enable some fair one to step forth clad in a long and lovely garment of rich fur.

The French Canadians have been filmed in many ways. Selling fruits and vegetables in the open markets of the city, marching in quaint procession with their numerous dark-eyed children to some great Cathedral on a feast day of the church. Or we see the lithe figure of some Pierre or Louis skilfully guiding a party of hunters or fishermen through trackless woods and wilderness or deftly paddling the well loaded canoe along swift streams. The Indian tribes have also been featured in

Miles upon miles of railroad built through country still unsettled

picturesque scenarios such as the "Lure of the Windigo" where a curious superstition of the red folk about the wind is made the center of an absorbing story.

In the Northwest that wonderful organization poetically known as "the Riders of the Plains" and whose official title is the Royal North-West Mounted Police, has lent itself occasionally to the camera with picturesque results. This body of a few hundred men guarding the peace and welfare of a territory that covers more than two and a half million square miles is known the world over as one of the most marvelous examples of a government dealing with the problem of policing a new and undisciplined country. Now that the need for which they first came into existence is passing and the wilderness is giving way to thriving towns, the duties of the Mounted Police are also changing, but they are as valuable a factor as ever in the prosperity of the area which they control.

But just at this time the most thrilling feature of the "movies" to everyone, everywhere, is the war pictures. Soldiers enlisting, soldiers marching, soldiers en route, in camp, in trenches, in hospitals. The news weeklies flash over all the civilized world those simple, terrible, absorbing scenes of which we never tire, at which we always look with fresh interest

And everywhere that they are shown people exclaim in wonder and admiration over the lavishness of Canada's offerings to the war. Through the movies the world knows how thousands and thousands of her men have crossed the sea and fought and died; how thousands and thousands of others have gone to take their places; how the "Princess Patricia," pride of the regiments, has won a fame and glory that will never die; how the universities have sent corps after corps of their students, splendid boys, turning eagerly from the peaceful paths of learning to the cruel chances of war.

Wonderful daughter of a wonderful mother, giving of her sons, her wealth, her faith and her love without stint, to aid the mother in her need.

"So long as the blood endures,
I shall know that the good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall."

Two men sat in a moving picture theatre not long ago looking at some war pictures. There was a scene showing the debarkation from a train of some wounded soldiers on their way home. An officer walking slowly down the station platform saluted one of them.

"Why did that officer salute that fellow?" inquired one of the men who was watching the pictures. "He was only a private."

"True" replied his companion, "but he was probably a Canadian."

The Mounted Police bridge the gap between Canada's present and her romantic part—a past peculiarly suited to the needs of the moving picture artist. In those days when Europe was just becoming acquainted with the New World across the sea, Canada was the stage for some of the most heroic dramas humanity has ever witnessed. Here were nations highly advanced in civilization facing the perils of life in the wilderness without faltering, animated by an ideal so splendid that hardship and suffering were trivial matters of every day. Here were nobles-turned-explorers, coureurs de bois, stately ladies from the French court keeping house under the most primitive conditions, happy if they escaped a scalping from the Indians. Here were hardy Englishmen come to Canada to make homes like those they had left oversea and determined to insure the permanence of these homes by wise and far-reaching laws. Surely here is material to stir the most sluggish imagination.

Present day Canada is the logical development of that Canada of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We find the same bold feats of the imagination realized in the gigantic construction works of the government—the irrigation canals, the bridges, the miles upon miles of railroads built through country still unsettled—waiting for the future to reap the fruit of contemporary effort. The colonists of old had no assurance of success—they were pioneers in a game of chance—but the colonists of to-day have that great magician, the trans-continental railroad, to convert their dreams into realities. We see proof of this magician's skill in the thriving little towns in newly opened territory in the West—towns electric lighted, commercially alert, surrounded by vast fields of wheat and oats and barley. Further west, in the valleys of the Nechako and the Bulkley, a soil naturally fertile fanned by the warm breezes from the Chinook produces wonderful crops—so wonderful, in fact, that the moving picture artist is bothered by an embarrassment of riches. Industrial enterprises mature with the same rapidity as the crops; all work is done on a large scale; there is such enthusiasm, such life behind every movement looking toward the improvement of the country. Canada is in the heydey of her youth, and, like every young thing, she will bear much photographing, a fact that the moving picture artist has been quick to realize.

Canada, like every young thing, will bear much photographing

Todd and the Terrible Tangle

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

TODD wanted to go, there was nothing he would like better than to be one of the party, but—

Potter knew the meaning of that "but," having encountered it before, and it made him impatient. Mrs. Todd was always interfering, and Todd meekly submitted. It was ridiculous but exasperating—ridiculous because she was jealous of her peace-loving, patient, unimpressive little husband, and exasperating because she gave him no liberty at all.

If there ever was a quiet, inoffensive little fellow, it was Sidney Todd. He was not a man to attract the attention of the opposite sex, even if he desired it, and he was not a man to desire it. Nor was he in the least sportively or bibulously inclined. Yet Mrs. Todd believed that he was at heart a rake and a roisterer. She was quite sure that other women were angling for his favor, and she was equally sure that nothing but the tight rein she held on him prevented them from getting it. Also, in her opinion, it was this tight rein that restrained a natural masculine tendency to bacchanalian excesses.

"IT'S mighty tempting," admitted Todd, "and I'd like to be with you, but——"

"I know, I know," returned Potter. "Mrs. Todd would object."

"She would," affirmed Todd.

"Well, why let her know anything about it?" asked Potter.

This was so startling a suggestion that for a moment Todd was at a loss for a reply. Then he merely inquired how he could help it.

"Doesn't business ever take you away from home?" inquired Potter.

"Occasionally," answered Todd.

"Well, why not take a business trip now?" suggested Potter.

Such duplicity as this was quite foreign to Todd's nature, but he was tempted.

A few of his friends were going to a little cabin in the woods for a brief outing, and he would like to go along. He was neither a hunter nor a fisherman, but the idea appealed to him nevertheless. There was a suggestion of freedom in it that was delightful.

"I wish I could," he sighed, "but it's impossible. There are the letters, you know."

"What letters?" asked Potter.

"I drop Mary a line or two every day when I'm away," explained Todd. "She expects it. And it wouldn't do to go to one place, you know, and mail her letters from another—wouldn't do at all."

That seemed to settle the matter, much to Potter's regret. Todd, in his quiet way, was a good companion, and, besides, Potter felt that he would be rendering him a service in taking him away from Mrs. Todd for a little while. She was too unreasonable, too exacting. Why, she had him so "tamed" that he never even came to the club except occasionally for luncheon. But of course there was no use——

DICK RAYMOND sauntered in just then, and Potter again became hopeful.

"There's the man for you!" he exclaimed. "He'll mail your letters. Come here, Dick!"

Raymond, who was a traveling salesman, responded to the summons, and was briefly informed of the situation. He thereupon winked one eye knowingly.

"No, no, not at all!" exclaimed Todd, replying to the wink; "you're quite wrong."

"Oh, that's all right!" Raymond assured him. "I'm the most innocentest and silentest little boy you ever knew, and I'll mail all the letters you want anywhere along my route that you want them mailed. I'm starting on a trip in the morning."

Todd was none the less dubious after this assurance. "I won't know how to date them," he objected.

"I'll give you my itinerary," offered Raymond, "and you can date them to fit that."

"And Mary will want to write to me," added Todd.

"Oh, you can fix that all right," put in Potter. "Tell her your business will keep you jumping from place to place and you won't be anywhere long enough to get a letter. The letters Dick mails for you will fit right in with that story."

Still, Todd was not altogether satisfied. It was such an extraordinary adventure, to him, that it made him uneasy.

"Do you think it's safe?" he asked of Potter after Raymond had left them.

"Of course," was the confident reply. "Why not?"

"I don't know," returned Todd uncertainly, "except that Raymond has always seemed to me a rather irresponsible fellow, and I didn't exactly like the way he grinned and winked at me. I don't want to be misunderstood, you know. It might be serious, for Mary—well, Mary is a perfect marvel at misunderstanding things herself."

"Oh, that's all right!" declared Potter. "You needn't worry about Raymond; he wouldn't say anything, no matter what he might suspect; and most of the time he's as reliable a man as you'll find anywhere. A bit erratic now and then, but always ready to do anything for a friend."

"But suppose," suggested Todd unhappily, "suppose he should have one of his erratic streaks now?"

"Well, he develops a fantastic sense of humor at such times," replied Potter, "but he never means any harm."

SOMEHOW this added nothing to Todd's peace of mind, but he felt committed to the plan now, so he made the best of it. And Raymond was but one of his worries, for he must also go through the harrowing and novel experience of deluding his wife with a story of a fanciful business trip, and he was not good at deception. For a moment he found irritation in the fact that he had to do this. Other men were able to get away without resorting to subterfuge, so why should he be thus restricted? Why not stand boldly on his rights? Why not— But habit is strong, and he chose the easy way.

It was not altogether a success, however. So unaccustomed was he to deceit that he stumbled in his story, and he had an uncomfortable feeling that Mary was not entirely satisfied. She eyed him sharply and asked several disconcerting questions. This also irritated him. No man should place himself or permit himself to be placed in such a humiliating position.

Thus reflecting, he began to develop a little spirit—a little, not much. He was still uneasy rather than rebellious, and his uneasiness increased rapidly. He was uncomfortable when he joined the others of the party at the train, and he was positively unhappy on the train that carried them to their destination. Nor did he find any compensatory pleasure in the outing, so far as he went with it. It was his first experience of

camp life, and it was not at all what he had pictured it.

However, with his camp troubles this tale has nothing to do. It is merely necessary to record that they were sufficient, combined with his uneasiness, to drive him back to the city after just two days of life in the woods.

"I'VE got to go!" he told Potter, and Potter naturally wanted to know why

"Well," explained Todd, "I didn't like the way that fellow Raymond grinned and winked at me. There's danger in a wink like that. Why, that wink, if Mrs. Todd happened to see it, would just about wreck our family."

"But she isn't going to see it," urged Potter.

"I hope not," returned Todd with a shudder. "It was a dreadful wink, it had so much meaning to it, and I don't like to think of an irresponsible fellow going around with a pocketful of my letters and a wink like that. I'm worried about Mary, too. I didn't like the way she looked at me, and you never can tell what a woman will do. Suppose she tried to reach me by wire!" Todd shuddered again. "I tell you, Potter, the risks I'm taking are simply terrible, and I can't stand the strain. I'm going home."

"But the letters?" suggested Potter.

"I have Raymond's itinerary," replied Todd, "and I'll wire him to shut them off."

The little man was so desperately worried and unhappy that Potter let him go without further argument.

The telegram to Raymond, sent from the station at which Todd took his train, was so worded as to call for an answer, and Todd expected to find the answer at his office when he arrived there. He was disappointed, however. There was no message awaiting him, and he must hear from Raymond before he could venture home.

"I suppose," he sighed, "this is a sample of his fantastic sense of humor. It amuses him to worry me."

HE had returned on a night train, so he had the whole day ahead of him, but the day brought nothing to lessen his anxiety and much to increase it. By noon he was so distressed that he called up Hinkley & Burns on the telephone and asked for Raymond's address, just to assure himself that the itinerary had not been changed. Raymond was employed by Hinkley & Burns.

"Don't know where he is," was the impatient reply he received.

"But I thought he was one of your salesmen," he suggested anxiously.

"He was, but he isn't any more. Discharged himself the very first day of his last trip!"

"Discharged himself!" repeated Todd.

"That's what he did."

"Oh, yes," returned Todd with a sickly laugh. "I've heard he had a fantastic sense of humor."

"Fantastic sense of humor!" exploded the man at the other end of wire. "Say! are you a friend of that crazy Indian?"

"Why, I—er—have some slight acquaintance with him," confessed Todd.

"Well, if you can locate him, tell him to turn in his samples. Never mind him, but get his samples. He started hitting the high spots the moment he got out of town on his last trip——"

"Are you sure of that?" asked Todd, more distressed than ever.

"Sure! Why, the first thing he sent in was his resignation, and he followed that with a fool letter from a fellow named Todd under the impression that it was an order "

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Todd.

"——and now we're trying to locate him. He's done this thing just once too often for us!"

"A crazy Indian," murmured Todd, with a pocketful of letters to Mary!"

"What's that?"

"Mailing my letters to his firm!"

"What!"

"Will you deny the evidence of your own letters?"

"An inebriate with a fantastic sense of humor!"

"I didn't get that."

"Never mind," moaned Todd. "I was just wondering when I'd dare go home."

"Are you crazy too?" asked the mystified man at the other end of the wire

Todd did not deem it advisable to answer that question. As a matter of fact, he was not sure. If not crazy however, he felt that he soon would be—if he could not locate Raymond.

He consulted the itinerary and telegraphed each way from the place at which Raymond was supposed to be but he slept on a rattan couch at his office that night because he could get the word that made it safe to go home.

THREE nights of the rattan couch and three days and nights of anxiety made a good deal of a wreck of the unhappy man, and it was not without misgivings that he ventured home on the fourth morning. His suitcase had kept him provided with clean linen but his clothes were sadly mussed, his face was haggard, and his eyes seemed to indicate a need of refreshing sleep. Yet there was an occasional flash in those weary eyes that betrayed an overwhelming ambition—to meet and greet, with an axe or a club a man of the name of Raymond.

However, he was an orderly man in the habit of doing one thing at a time and the meeting with his wife demanded first attention. The last of the letters, excluding the one received by Hinkley & Burns, should have reached her the preceding day, but—well, it was not without trepidation that he approached the house.

Mrs. Todd did not reproach or scold him, which was reassuring, but her greeting seemed to him rather cool, which was not so reassuring, although there was at least a suggestion of sympathy in her first words.

"YOU look tired," she said.

"It's been a hard trip" he explained dolefully, and never had he spoken a truer word.

"Your clothes look as if you had been sleeping in them," she remarked, and he felt that it would be foolish to attempt a denial.

"I have," he admitted. "This camp life——"

"Camp life!" she exclaimed.

A slip the very first thing! He had been so intent on concealing the fact that he had slept in his office that he had forgotten what else he had to conceal.

"Why—er—yes," he faltered. "You might call it that. Making night jumps on a trolley is a good deal like

sleeping in the open. In fact, traveling men always speak of night trolley jumps as camp life—just a bit of road slang, you know."

"Oh!"

"Sounds queer, I suppose, but that's what it means."

She seemed to be satisfied, and he was greatly relieved. The ordeal was passed.

"Better get into some other clothes and come to breakfast," she suggested.

He made haste to do so, and he felt much better when he got out of the rumpled suit. He was even inclined to be jocular when he sat down at the table, but his sallies produced no very satisfying response, and a tired man needs encouragement for his humor. After all, even if he could not coax a smile from her, the really important thing was that she did not frown. There was sufficient comfort in that to enable him to view the situation with reasonable placidity.

Then, unexpectedly, she fixed him with an accusing eye.

"WHY didn't you write me every day?" she asked.

His heart skipped a beat then. Those troublesome letters were not all in.

"D-didn't I?" he parried.

"Don't you know you didn't?" she demanded.

"Perhaps I forgot to mail one," he suggested unhappily.

"Two," she corrected. "Would you forget to mail two?"

"I—I don't see how I could."

"You might," she said, "if you were thinking of somebody else."

"But I assure you, Mary," he informed her hastily and truthfully, "that you were more on my mind this trip than ever before."

"Why?" was her uncompromising rejoinder. "Was it a guilty conscience?"

He resented that. It was unfair; it left no avenue of escape from censure. If he had failed to think of her, it would have been unpardonable, and yet he was assailed for insisting that he had thought of her.

"And what were you doing in Weston?" she added before he could frame a reply.

This was serious. Amy Bradley, an old flame, lived in Weston, and Mary had never forgotten that she was an old flame. But he knew that he had not been in Weston, had not even thought of the place, had not seen it on the itinerary, and he asserted with some spirit that he had not been there.

"Will you deny the evidence of your own letter?" she demanded.

"There's no letter from Weston," he insisted; "there can't be."

"Oh, no, of course not!" she retorted sarcastically. "You didn't write any from Weston—no, indeed! You carefully dated it Brambury, but it postmarked Weston."

"That infernal Raymond!" moaned Todd.

"Never mind Raymond!" she rejoined. "How about Amy Bradley?"

"I have not seen her for two years," he replied hopelessly. She would not believe it, so what was the use?

"You write a letter Brambury that's mailed in Weston, and then expect me to believe that!" she exclaimed.

The evidence against him was so overwhelming that it seemed useless to reply.

"You are so happy in your profligacy," she went on bitterly, "that you forget your own wife!"

"Happy!" he groaned. "Happy on a corrugated cot!"

"So happy in the smiles of a shameless hussy that you skip two days!"

Amy Bradley, an old flame, lived in Weston

"I haven't seen her!" he maintained; "but," and he flared up a moment here, "I wish I had—I wish I'd seen all the women I ever knew!"

"Mormon!" she cried, aghast.

"And I wish I had a hatchet!"

"A hatchet!" she was alarmed now.

"A hatchet and Raymond. I'd like to introduce one to the other."

The hatchet was not for her, which was some relief, but she never had seen him like this before, and she was still troubled. "That's the second time you've mentioned Raymond," she said in a more conciliatory tone. "Who is he?"

"Next to you," was his startling reply, "he's the greatest provocation ever inflicted upon mortal man."

"Next to me!"

"Oh, it's all over now!" He rose wearily from the table. "I'm going back to the woods and eat acorns. There's freedom there anyhow; I don't have to explain every time I turn over in bed or talk in my sleep. I'm going back to acorns and woodticks and ants and chiggers."

"Horrible!" she cried, at last dimly comprehending the situation. "You've been living in the woods?"

"I have—for freedom."

"Freedom, Sidney—freedom!" she repeated. "Why should you want freedom?"

"Oh, I don't, of course," he returned. "I don't want freedom any more than a caged hyena, which is what I am."

"A hyena! Merciful heavens! Sidney, are you well?"

"So well," he asserted, "that I'm going back to the woods—or the club."

Perplexed and shocked, Mrs. Todd descended to a compromise. "You may go to the club, Sidney," she said, "but I shall expect you to dinner."

"Expect and be hanged!"

"Sidney!"

"Don't talk to me!" he warned. "I won't explain—anything—any more—at any time. If I like acorns, I'm going after acorns—and eat 'em without any letter-writing foolishness. But I'll kill Raymond first!"

"No, no, you mustn't!" pleaded Mrs. Todd, abandoning her position entirely. "They'll put you in jail! Promise me you won't, Sidney! I never knew you could be so terrible."

Todd looked at her in surprise, and he seemed to grow an inch as he looked, for he was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had somehow—he did not quite know how—gained the advantage, and the sensation was as delightful as it was novel.

"Mary," he said resolutely, "I'll do as I damn please."

"Yes, of course," she conceded, "but nothing desperate."

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The Sinews of the Land

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs

The camp before the railway came. So it had been in every new land; so it will be, no doubt, until the last wilderness is tamed.

OUT of their voiceless longings
For something that satisfies,
Are born the endless throngings
Of men to alien skies;
Some find on the silent prairie,
And some in the trackless wood,
And some on the trail where the blazings fail,
The thing that the heart calls good.

THE long trail from tidewater to the crest of the coast range, the Skeena on one hand, mountain slopes on the other and beyond the valley other mountains crested with snow, gleaming with glacial rivers that flash for a moment in the sunlight, is a trip long to be remembered. The fogs and mists of the coast breed a vegetation that to eyes used only to the dry central plains of the continent is full of never-ending charm. Festoons of mosses fall from fir trees only slightly smaller than those of Oregon and Washington. The western winds temper the climate, and one forgets that he is as far north of the Twin Cities as Atlanta is south. The sun rises far to the northeast, swings low in the horizon, and sets in the northwest. At the time of year we visited the Nechako — August — twilight of evening merges into twilight of morning. And in this almost perpetual sunlight lies the secret of the wonderful summers of the Nechako Trail. In the few brief months between spring and fall, Nature, who fully understands her business, crams a full growing season by working without regard to union hours of labor. She gives to the growing crop, between seed time and harvest, practically the same amount of sunshine that she deals out to the crop growing through a longer season a thousand miles farther south. In Texas corn matures in one hundred and forty days, in Manitoba in eighty-five days, but the hours of sunlight given to each crop is nearly the same.

The Nechako Trail is almost as far north as Fort York on Hudson's Bay and it is farther north than the main chain of the Aleutian Islands. The Trans-Siberian railway quarter-circles the globe at the same distance from the equator as the Nechako.

Now we think of all these as belonging to the Far North. To arrive at a truer estimate of climate, crop possibilities, season length, and all those natural things that go to make up livability in a land, suppose we compare the Nechako with Danzig and Hamburg in Germany, with Copenhagen in Denmark, with Manchester in England, and with Belfast in Ireland. Are these far north? So is the Nechako. Are these in inhospitable lands? Quite the contrary. Recall Edinboro in Scotland, Christiania in Norway, Stockholm in Sweden, Moscow and St. Petersburg, all of Sweden and Norway and Scotland, half of Russia, beyond the farthest north of the Nechako Trail

Of far more importance than distance northward is the eastward drift of the sea winds, the low elevation above sea level, the mountain barriers to the north and east, the quick, life-giving nature of the soil. These are positive assets of climate which mere latitude cannot withhold or give. From tidewater to the coast range divide one climbs gradually out of dense forests with a suggestion of sub-tropical profusion into an interior climate of

The new town after the railway came. The pessimist is sure that the thing desired cannot be, but the doubter who doubts the pessimist comes along and presto! the thing that was not, is—and for evermore shall be

long, hot days and bracing cool nights, of ample rainfall, of much the same climate and soil as the best of northern Wisconsin and northern Minnesota.

This brings matters once more near home. I remember that a dozen years ago there were those who told my wife and myself that we could not raise a garden in central North Dakota. Later they said that perhaps we could raise a garden, but we could not ripen corn. Still later it was admitted that corn would ripen—all except, of course, strawberries and apples! Then somebody bethought themselves to try strawberries, and they grew! Another planted apple trees, and the fruit tastes nutty and sweet!

So it has been in every new land; so it will be, no doubt, until the last wilderness is tamed. The pessimist is sure that the thing desired cannot be, but the doubter who doubts the pessimist comes along and presto! the thing that was not, is—and forevermore shall be. Of such is Progress born.

Where the Kitsumgallum debouches into the Skeena, almost to a mile on the latitude made famous by "fifty-four forty or fight" an apple orchard stands beside the track, its fruit bending the boughs of sturdy five year old trees. I mention this merely as confirming the previous remarks on climate. The Siwash came down the Kitsumgallum with native berries and its name is already known to the housewives in Prince Rupert. Nature is a pretty fair guide, as a rule, and in her wild crops tells us, if we but understand, what tame crops will grow. To the Kitsumgallum and above the valley of the Skeena is well adapted to fruits insofar as climate is concerned. Of the soil I cannot speak, save as we stopped here and there for a brief time. In the Nechako it was otherwise. We went leisurely, tramped through field and timber, dug our heels into the mould, saw the season's harvest in its prime. Out of what was seen the thread of the story runs.

At Hazelton the railway and the river part company, the latter to find its fountains far to the northward, not far distant from where the Yukon rises to send its great flood of waters out into the Bering Sea. Between these two lie the upper valleys of the Stikeen and Liard rivers, the former a Pacific coast stream known to the gold-seeker; the latter one of the multitude of streams that British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan contribute to create the McKenzie.

Up the Skeena from Hazelton, across mountain ridges and valley, through a tempestuous country, and down rivers that have taken their toll of human life, runs the Overland Trail to the Yukon, to Dawson Circle, and the gold camps of Yesterday and To-morrow.

Some day in our time we will change cars at Hazelton for the Yukon, Alaska, Siberia and Europe. Bering Strait can be bridged with ice-breaking steamers and there remains only to consider the Asiatic mainland to a point intersecting the Trans-Siberian, possibly meeting its most easterly and northern extension at Kabarovsk, some three hundred miles to the northward of Vladivostock. When that day comes Hazelton will be a city, and the valleys that feed it, the Bulkeley and the Nechako, will have a wholesale terminal market for shipment in bulk to the north right at their doors.

To Hazelton the Siwash stayed with us, shouting and singing. There they left us for their villages farther up the Skeena, while our further journey ran by way of the Bulkeley over the Divide and into the Nechako. From this point the trail bends to the southward, and not far from here the Chinaman with a thrifty eye and willing hands mentioned in an earlier chapter of this story had made his cleanup of $10,000 in one fortunate season of truck gardening.

Its inhabitants call Tibet the Roof of the World. At Hazelton one is at the roof of the American world. Life slopes in all directions. Westward the sea-ways and the canning season, eastward the things you and I breathe and are, northward the wilderness and wilderness mystery.

A man stood beside the track, his hand lovingly on the head of a splendid young dog, a cross between the native husky and a St. Bernard. Though only a pup the dog would tip the scales at over one hundred pounds. And our friend of the flying minute pointed out to us, just as the lover of good horse flesh points out, the fine points of the members of his team, of which there were in all six.

"Mister, this here dawg is all dawg! Look at 'im. Ain't he a beauty? Whar will ye find a deeper chest, or a broader back or a better-muscled pair o' hind laigs? An' them dawgs o' mine knows how to rustle thar grub like a reg'lar huskie! Turn 'em loose and they pick up thar livin' offen the country. Best feet I ever see on a dawg, too! Say, Mister, ye ain't noways goin' to be buyin' no dawgs, hain't ye? 'Cause I could sell ye one dawg or a dozen right now at a good figger—say $35 a dawg, broke and in harness."

That same day the binders were clicking in the Nechako, just the other side of the hills, and while we talked the Siwash, fresh from the salmon harvest, jabbered incessantly beneath our feet.

To the left, as we turned southeastward from Hazelton, still climbing the western slopes of the Coast Divide, rose the ranges of the Babine, beyond

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In the Forefront

SEAGER WHEELER WHO IS DEMONSTRATING FULL VALUE OF CANADA'S PRAIRIE SOIL: NELLIE McCLUNG, LECTURER, WRITER AND MOTHER; MRS. JOSEPHINE WITT, ONLY WOMAN MEMBER OF CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Eighty-two Bushels to the Acre

Seager Wheeler, who has pointed the way to wealth for our Western Farmers

By Clyde Alison Mann

THERE is a plain ordinary farmer in Saskatchewan who can get his own price for wheat. He has nothing to do with the wheat pit or the exchanges, and he has no corner on the market. His name is Seagar Wheeler and the grain that he raises is for seed

Mr. Wheeler's position among farmers is a privilege such as most men, even the heads of big enterprises would envy. There are plenty of men in fact who would accept the privilege in much the same spirit of the ne'er-do-well who asked for the position of night-watchman in the mint—for just one night. They would put a top notch price on all the wheat they could sell and give mighty little care to the kind of grain they supplied.

But the fact that Mr. Wheeler's wheat will command almost any price he may see fit to ask is due to the fact that he has lavished infinite pains upon the breeding of his specialties, not as a seedsman but as a farmer, and he has won his position by the very virtue of fidelity to details and quality which would make it impossible for him to give his name to inferior grains, merely for immediate profits.

It teaches a man honesty to go into partnership with nature as Wheeler has done, and patiently, step by step, improve the quality of his out-put It trains integrity into the kernel of one's soul to find out how abundantly nature rewards such honest effort

Mr. Wheeler has taken many famous prizes—the Witchita (Kansas) 1914 sweepstakes, the International Irrigation Congress sweepstakes October last, and in 1911 the famous New York prize of $1,000 offered by Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific. Mr. Wheeler says

"Good seed in a good seed bed will give the best results, but the regrettable thing is that so few farmers seem to care to know what constitutes a good seed bed, and yet any farmer can learn by asking the man in charge of the nearest experiment station. The secret of success in wheat farming lies in doing the right thing, in the right place, at the right time—and using good seed."

Nor is Mr. Wheeler given to generalities His interviewer suggested that a trip to the nearest experiment station might be avoided if Mr. Wheeler himself would say what constituted a proper seed bed.

"The right kind of seed bed is a firm, moist seed bed, and may be acquired in several ways — by summer fallowing, spring plowing plus cultivation or by the rotation of crops," he said. "I try to catch all the summer rains that fall and then do my best to hold the moisture. When one summer fallows land in our Western Canadian provinces, it is good either to disc the land in the fall (or shallow plough it) and then early in June plough deep and cultivate throughout the season

In the spring, before seeding, harrow the fallow land, as it is usually wet and cold. This aerates it and warms the soil. Do not sow the seed too deep. One-and-a-half inches is best. Fallow the seeder with the surface packer This is done to bring the moist earth in contact with the seed and to promote germination. Harrow the grain quickly as it is just showing above the ground. This will kill any sprouting weed seeds and cultivate the growing crops and promote rapid and healthy growth. In fall plowing, the land should be harrowed or packed immediately to conserve the moisture, and any rains that may fall will penetrate easily and be stored up for the following spring. In the spring the land should be harrowed as soon as it is dry enough on the surface and seeded later.

"Spring plowing should be followed by the packer. Plank drag the land first, after which it should then be seeded and packed and harrowed. This plank drag is used to level the surface and give a uniform seed bed for the seed, consequently a uniform germination and growth. To grow a uniform crop we must have a uniform seed bed, and I know of no better method than the one mentioned. I believe in following the plow with the packer, then plank drag, then seed, then pack and harrow

"I am firmly convinced that the time is not far distant when the fields of Western Canada will be growing

Mr. Seager Wheeler

more wheat and oats and barley, but on less acreage—when we will see silos dotted over the farms. This will mean that we will grow say, red and Alaska clovers, alfalfa and grasses. From my own experiment I am satisfied all these can be grown throughout Western Canada just as soon as we find the right sort to grow and how to grow them.

"Instead of the bare summer fallow, which is a wasteful system, taking off only one crop in two years, we will grow a crop every season. Corn will clean the land and give the best results when the crop to follow it is wheat. Wheat ripens fully one week earlier on corn land. So beans for fodder or silage will also clean the land and it is one of the best nitrogen gathering plants and leaves the land in ideal condition to follow with wheat. Alfalfa will also clean the land of weed, gives two cuttings a season, and when broken up and sown to grain will give clean and good crops. Clover also will clean the land and from my experience gives good results. Cultivated grasses also are weed destroyers and add humus and fibre to the soil. Peas also give excellent results and heavy fields Growing these crops will mean an increase of live stock to which to feed these crops. This means that we will develop less acreage but more grain, as the cultivation given to these different crops will in time destroy weeds and lessen their foothold in the land."

Here is what Mr. Wheeler says about raising prize wheat:

"The wheat sent to New York had no advantage over the other varieties grown on the farm. As a matter of fact, it was grown on the first piece of property broken on the place. This piece had been under cultivation ever since, being sowed with wheat, barley, potatoes, etc., in rotation, with a summer fallow in between. I sowed Marquis wheat in three different plots. It ripened a few days earlier than the other wheat on the farm, was cut in the usual manner, and threshed and cleaned as usual. Then it was sent to New York."

Simple and sensible, isn't it? Yes, but common sense is not so common on the farm after all. Many an old fashioned farmer will laugh at Mr. Wheeler's patient methods. Yet eighty-two yields to the acre and $2.50 to $5 wheat are not to be laughed at Run-of-farm wheat has been selling for better than $1 a bushel for some months now and it may go higher, but even with this glowing prospect there is a difference between it and Mr Wheeler's $2 50 to $5 wheat, which is worthy of reflection; a suggestion of what can be done when one makes farming a profession rather than a grind. If the figures would not run too large for comprehension one would be tempted to sit down and figure how many bushels of wheat are sown annually, But what's the use? However impressive the totals might sound (and they will be less next year than they have been in recent years) no one would be the wiser. But the possibilities of Mr. Wheeler's patient methods are stupendous—at least they would be if every farmer realized, as the professional farmers do, what a thundering difference the seed and the seed-bed and doing things in the right place and at the right time, make in the crop yields. In Western Canada they are coming to understand this difference more and more, and the big forces of the Dominion—the Government and the Railroads—are making

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Nellie McClung of the West

Writer, Lecturer, Cake Baker, Politician, Methodist, Mother.

By Natalie Symmes

NELLIE McCLUNG is the kind of personality you can't miss Drop her into a Canadian Club, a Press Club, a political meeting or her own Methodist Church, and things begin to fizz. Most people like her Some people don't. But everybody has to have an opinion of some sort, for she's as vivid as a tiger lily at a funeral

Out in the West where Nellie went to, and now comes from, they don't believe in hiding your light under a bushel nor caching it behind the conventions. They don't approve of blondined minds marcelled convictions, and Mi.. grundified accents of expressing them If the Lord made you out-and-out you'll get on in the West; if not, you'll get out

Nellie went at the age of three or thereabouts, leaving Ontario for beyond-Winnipeg which was just about all the name the locality had in those days. You departed from the Red River by oxteam, you went as far as the Lord called Abraham, and when it felt like the Promised Land, you stopped. Nellie was the youngest of six children—Scotch-Irish and proud of it—so the trekking and the stopping are uproarious memories

There wasn't any school in the countryside for three years after that, so Nellie just loved flowers and dogs and God and the prairies and grew up naturally. Which is one reason perhaps why she is never sick, never worries, never gets cross, and can negotiate four addresses a day with seventy miles of motor trip sandwiched in

When the education of Miss Mooney did commence—for that was her name in those unknown days—it was the leap-frog sort of progress you'd expect. At the age of fifteen she was a full fledged teacher with literary aspirations. Later she went to the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute for further study. After which she taught until a big Westerner held up the schoolhouse at the point of his sixshooter and carried off teacher to the minister's

If character sketches weren't perforce such cut and dried things—cut by the editor and dried by holding over—we'd try to get in something about those wonderful children of Nellie McClung's. Their picture travel with her and she never so happy as when she gets her elbows on a table, her chin on her hands, her eyes in yours and her thoughts painting the kiddies. Two of them are

married, but there's a baby yet, thank heaven, and really if that's the sort of cherub a suffragette has to show—well, there's more to be said in favor of the vote than you'd suppose.

But it wasn't until she started writing that Nellie McClung began to be Somebody, with that delightful front-page capital S that we all crave at least once in our lives. The very first published bit of her work, as it happens, appeared in Canada Monthly, at that time a beginner too. It was entitled, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and as a first book it was very good, there wasn't an awful lot of Danny in it, and the seeds were such a frisky bunch that most of them flew over the fence, but it was a merry little loose bundle of sketch-stuff and it satisfied the desire of the prairies to see themselves in print. "The Second Chance" was the follow-up, and met with an even-more-editionful reception.

But Nellie might have lived without knowing her real vocation if it hadn't been for her friend Sir Rodmond Roblin then busily engaged in misgoverning Manitoba. (Oh yes, Mister Editor, we can say that now, after the investigation).

Nellie said it away back in the antebellum days however, when it took courage—and the full possession of the facts. And the reason she said it so hard was because Sir Rodmond had a particular hatred of her good pals, the temperance folk, who plied him with petitions and got treated "like an old boot," as Nellie says.

"Every year we went to him asking him to make his own law effective," she'll tell you. "Seventy two times he threw our petitions out on technicalities. Once we had a petition in thirty-two sheets.

"'Oh no, certainly not,' we were told, 'the law says a petition, not thirty-two of them.'

"Next year we pasted them all together.

"'What an outrage!' said the Government, 'This is a mutilated petition. How can you prove to us that John Smith, five feet or so down from the top, ever saw that heading you have? Go home and forget it.'"

Some of them did, perhaps. But if so they weren't Scotch-Irish.

The little author-lady was in the habit of giving recitations from her books for sundry Ladies' Aids and such like.

"I shall be pleased to come," she wrote the astonished next applicant, "if after I conclude the recital you will allow me to discuss the political situation for the next hour."

"Sometimes they'd say yes," she'll tell you to-day. "If not, I hired the

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Canada's Flower Matron

Mrs. Josephine Witt, who has introduced and established a New Industry in the Dominion

By Irene Wrenshall Ware

"IT is easier to forget troubles than pleasant things. I have almost forgotten now, although it is only a year ago, that I started my business without capital other than optimism."

And it is a difficult matter as you sit in the office of Mrs. Josephine Witt, flower manufacturer, and listen to her answer a dozen telephone calls from wholesalers, one after the other, or turn around with a smile and display to your delighted gaze something in the way of a new sample flower, so realistic that you gasp to think that it is February out of doors, and that there can't be flowers blooming in spite of the judgment of one of your senses. She is one of the manufacturers you might say, that the war has brought into prominence. Certainly she stands unique in her occupation as a woman, and enjoys the distinction of being the first and we believe the only woman member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

"I felt so queer," she will tell you laughingly, "when the Secretary of the Association came to solicit my application for membership. I hadn't the least idea that I was eligible for it among so many men, and I asked the secretary if there were many women members."

"No," he said, "when you sign this application it will be the first time one has ever been signed by a woman."

It is certainly an honor to be the only woman member among three thousand men, but it is only a part of the day's business to Mrs. Witt.

It is always an interesting thing to watch an artist paint a picture, or a sculptor turn the loose mound of shapeless clay into an image of beauty, but no artist ever touched his material with defter fingers than this little manufacturer. Silk or cotton, velvet or gold tissue is alike charming under her manipulation.

To watch her lift one delicately petalled flower after another—now a tiny velvet rose, now a forget-me-not, in deep blue, pale blue and palest pink, then a tiny grey blue velvet petalled flower, and, with a deft arrangement of green satin leaves, so delicate of hue, and exquisite of tracery that they might have been gossamer and dew, transform the whole tiny bouquet into a glowing jewel of sapphire and turquoise and ruby, is a revelation of what human hands can accomplish.

Her brain is never weary of thinking out new ideas, and when one considers that each wholesaler who comes to her for flowers for his spring and autumn trade, must of necessity have his own particular samples—no two even slightly approaching each other in style—one realizes that to be a flower manufacturer one must be more than ordinarily original. That same originality is being carefully fostered, every bud of it, by Mrs. Witt in her girls, and each girl who invents a new idea, which sells, be it ever so small, receives a $1.00 bonus.

It was in February of 1915, just four months after Mrs. Witt had opened up her now so successful venture, that the writer first met the energetic manufacturer, and hearing from her how well the idea of Made-in-Canada flowers was taking, learned that her hope for the month of February was to take in $3,500. The sales for that month actually amounted to $5,500. Optimism had its reward.

"When I started in business last October" Mrs. Witt said, "I had nothing and had to borrow $300. The landlord was good to me and offered me half of this flat we are in, free until I got on. The second month I was able to pay my rent, the third month I rented the whole flat, and shortly afterwards I had to ask him to rent the top flat to me as well, and the outer building as a dyeing shop."

An incident which reflected the spirit which animates this progressive business woman took place last summer in connection with the Queen Mary White Rose Day. They came to her with a proposition. It was the first day of August and the White Rose Day was to take place on the seventh of September. Could she turn out four hundred thousand roses by that date. Certainly she could, was Mrs. Witt's ambitious reply. If 150,000 were not completed by the seventeenth of August they could cancel the order. So it was settled. And not only were the 150,000 white roses completed by that date, but the whole number of 400,000 was ready!

How was it done? To make 400,000 exquisite little white roses complete in every detail, and, as one of the workers remarked, "quite equal to roses from England, if not superior to them"—in two weeks is a feat of which any manufacturer might be proud. But Mrs. Witt gives all the credit for it to the girls.

"They turned into it heart and soul," she said. "Why they even worked at the little flowers during their lunch hour. We were able to give employment to 87, and of these 37 were new

hands. It was all done by piece work and the girls made from one to two dollars a day. We could have turned out a million had it been necessary."

At the close of the two weeks, Mrs. Witt gave the girls a party to celebrate the event, and one afternoon from four to six, ice cream and cake, and a dance, made as happy a band of girls as one could find anywhere.

"There was talk at first," Mrs. Witt explained, "of taking the work to England as it could be done cheaper there. I told them I had no desire to make a profit on it, but I must pay the girls proper wages. The girls must live, and living is higher in Canada. So many girls were out of work and needed just that help. I guess they had never realized before that the roses might help a double charity."

All of the materials that could possibly be obtained, were bought from Canadian manufacturers. And if one had not already watched the girls at work, and heard their enthusiasm over the good they were going to do, one could guess it from the enthusiasm of the presiding genius herself. But there was a memory of one afternoon when the light through big windows streamed on girls of all sorts and descriptions busy at every table, some separating the groups of petals fresh from the dye house; others arranging the finished posies in rows in the boxes ready for the final distribution. One little girl in particular—a cripple—attracted the attention, and her employer completed the interest by telling that she was one of the best workers in the factory. In fact, these crippled children, Mrs Witt believes, are particularly adapted to flower-making if necessity throws them upon their own resources.

"They live in a world of their own," she said, "and they love the beauty of the materials, and the delicacy of the work.

"I have a plan," she went on "that if the city will take up having these white rose days for the Consumptive Hospital, I will try to get together all the crippled girls who need employment, and have the flowers made during the winter thus giving them work all the year round."

One can hardly fail to echo her hopes, who has ever looked at the little pale face of one of the crippled girls, and knows of their continued desire to be of use in the world

Still continuing her lines of flowers, Mrs. Witt is widening out her endeavours in a decorative line. It is her holly and her wreathing that the windows of Toronto's big stores depend upon and the visitors to the stores comment upon, and it is her artistic decorations which made brilliant the windows at Christmas time

"How is the idea of 'Made-in-Canada' goods taking in your trade" she was asked.

"To the big stores there is nothing else" was the answer, "both in Toronto and all the larger cities of the west, but among the wholesalers we have to cut off the 'Made-in-Canada' label."

Nellie McClung

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hall myself for the hour succeeding the meeting, and, when I was through with the first part of the programme, I'd announce that, my contract with the ladies having been carried out, I now invited the audience to remain as my guests while we talked politics."

If you've never heard Nellie McClung in action you can have no idea of how particularlyWestern, and how extraordinarily effective her addresses are.

"There is no such thing as resignation in nature," she will begin, "every little seed is an optimist, and keeps no union hours either. Cheap indolence, easy acquiescence, is a human virtue. 'Thy will be done' is often made an excuse for sloth, but it ought to be a call to arms!

" 'Men must work and women must weep?' Pshaw, God never cast a weeping part for anybody."

There she stands, arms akimbo, chin out. Round she sweeps and gives it to you with her right forefinger jabbed straight for your intellect.

"Woman's place is the home, eh? Woman mustn't invade politics? But don't you know that woman isn't the invader? Politics has invaded the home."

Then, with a swift drop, she's into pathos. As a rule, to use her own words, she "cuts the sob stuff," but when she judges it necessary she can make the whole audience cry

"There was a little woman in the procession in Edmonton," she tells us. "Do you know what a tree looks like that's been winter-killed?—a little tree that's tried to leaf, and been frost-bitten, and tried again, and been frost-bitten. By and by it gives up This woman's face was like that. She had suffered so long and so intolerably that now she was winter-killed.

"She came to us on crutches and she asked if she might march. It was three miles, mind you, and she was old. But she did it. And every time her crutch came down on the pavement and every time she took a step she whispered, 'Dry—dry—dry!' Do you wonder that the women who had lacked courage before got down from their autos and went with her?"

But this was in afterdays and afterfights when Nellie McClung was a citizen of Alberta with new worlds to conquer.

We won't say much about Manitoba and what "Calamity Nell" as they called her, did to the Roblin Government—peace to its ashes. The final meeting in the Walker Theatre in Winnipeg is still talked of, and yet perhaps it wasn't so extraordinary a demonstration of her picturesque popularity as was the big Government mass meeting, attended by five thousand electors, in which Sir Rodmond made the mistake of publicly slurring his antagonist. The audience went wild in her favor—fans, handkerchiefs, papers and chairs made the interior a lively sight and the Premier had, to say the least of it, an embarrassing time

When the elections resulted in a landslide for the Opposition, Nellie McClung was everywhere spoken of as having put the final nail in the Roblin coffin. The new Government are to submit a referendum on the temperance question in March, which Nellie says will carry four to one

Mrs. Josephine Witt

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The New Boss of the Sixth

By Gene McLean

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

SCHOOL had been dismissed. A whooping horde of small boys and a decorous group of small girls poured from opposite doors of the old brick building and moved toward the gate.

It was a warm day in February, of the sort that comes sometimes at the break of Eastern Ontario winters. A breath from the south stirred the withered leaves upon the trees into factitious dancings, and filled the children with longings for marbles, jumping ropes, scrub ball and wood tag.

"You're it!" shrieked a little boy, slapping one of his seniors of the sixth-year grade upon the back. "You're it! Can't catch me!"

But the boys of the Sixth ignored his sally. They were solemnly converging at the gate. Outside the fence the girls were standing in a silent group, and gazing intently at a boy and girl who stood together on the sidewalk. The boy was shifting awkwardly from one leg to the other and making vain endeavors to gracefully dispose of his hands while he made bashful return to the laughing chatter of the girl. She was a dainty little creature, with long, curling braids and rosy cheeks that glowed brighter as she talked.

The small boy who had attempted to institute the game of tag, grasped the situation and burst into explosive demonstration of the fact.

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl," he chanted. "Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl!"

The children paid no attention to him, but watched the boy and girl move slowly away toward home. Two youngsters from the feminine cluster outside the gate even followed after, making verbal note of the fact that Lola, mounting the high curb across the street, touched Philip for a moment on the sleeve by way of assisting herself. This same pair viewed the parting at Lola's front steps, and saw the boy kicking confusedly at a tuft of belated grass as he said good-by, and writhing with embarrassment as he backed away. Later, when he came past, whistling shrilly, they stood aside and delivered a singsong:

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl."

The boy was secretly pleased. This recognition of his status was not ungratifying, for the chant they rendered had been true only since yesterday.

But he flung back a casual, "You're a liar!" as he continued his melody and his march.

He executed an elaborate detour around the block in which he lived, and approached his home from the rear. This would enable him to enter the house puffing beneath the weight of a bucket of coal, and thereby evade explanations as to why he was late from school. The alley had been lately coated with gravel, and he scuffed up a mass of sand and small stones as he neared the barn-door.

"I better get out my sling-shot," he reflected. "I——

He came to a dead stop before the door. Facing him, printed in scrawling characters, were the outrageous words:

"Phillip and Queenie."

He drew a long breath. It was not hard to trace the insult. Queenie Bowser, a little sloven who lived at the far edge of the town, was a butt for schoolyard quips and sallies, and was deemed utterly beneath the notice of the small aristocracy of Crayville. Some contemptible trifler, jealous of his new-found favor with Lola Cameron, had conceived this slander and plotted to make a mock and a by-word of him in the Sixth. Bitterly he saw it all.

At this moment, Petey Martin, Philip's comrade in school, made a fortuitous appearance at the end of the alley. Philip picked up a stone and bounced it off Petey's head. He was sure the assault would not be resented. He did not pause to inquire if the Martin boy was responsible for the legend on the barn. In his profound knowledge of Crayville methods, he was aware that even if Petey had not actually written it, he would shortly become one of the jeering crowd that would exploit the jest.

He listened to Petey's howls of pain

as the stricken youth fled up the street. When they had died away, he made preparations for the inevitable battle. Reinforcements for the enemy would shortly be on hand, he was quite sure, armed and with full knowledge of the hateful legend that Petey had found him reading on the barn door. Hastily gathering the largest of the stones under his feet, he filled his pockets and built a heap of ammunition inside the door.

He had not long to wait. Even as he was proceeding to add some lumps of coal to his store of missiles, Scrubby Willifer's head was cautiously thrust around the corner. A stone from the vigilant Philip whistled by.

"You better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction. "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you!"

The redoubtable Bruiser verified this intelligence by showing himself at the entrance to the alley. He immediately retired in recognition of a volley from Philip, but the latter perceived that the Bruiser's coming meant serious trouble. The title of champion fighter of the sixth-year grade would not be lightly given up by William Young. He had won it in arduous battle, and Philip knew that the other boys would follow in the daring footsteps of the Bruiser for the mere honor of being on his side, if for nothing else.

"Philip and Que-e-e-enie!" called a tantalizing voice from the opposite direction.

A stone smote Philip in the back. He turned, and saw Petey Martin, Louie Born and three or four other boys dancing about and preparing to launch a fusilade upon him.

There was clearly a heavy force in movement. A shower of stones came over the low cowshed that opposed the barn, and rattled harmlessly above Philip's head. He delivered a missile at the group where Petey stood, and struck Louie Born beneath the eye. Philip was loudly jeering, when a cinder struck him, knocking off his cap, a heavy stone flew past his ear and his left leg sharply contracted from the effect of a smart impact on his calf. He turned, and saw a contingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young.

He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived. He thrust a splinter of wood through the staple, to secure the door, and climbed into the loft to reconnoitre. Up there a big window looked out upon the alley. Bundles of hay had once been tossed into the mow through this aperture, and it was large enough to afford room for battery practice on the enemy. Selecting a heavy lump of coal from his pocket, Philip leaned far out, poised to hurl the projectile at the besiegers.

But the alley was vacant! The barn door, loosening traitorously, had come open, and even now a clamor from the boys below announced their possession of his citadel.

Bruiser Young came clambering up the ladder.

"You get away from here!" screamed Philip. "You get away!"

He made a wild sweep at the champion's head. The Bruiser, dodging, lost his hold and tumbled to the floor below. And now, swiftly following after, came a new assault. The boys had discovered the open window, and going into the alley, commenced a bombardment through the portal. The stones thumped and rattled about the now thoroughly alarmed garrison of the loft, who promptly retreated into a sheltered corner. Here he was safe from the stones, but in peril of invasion.

He gasped when Scrubby Willifer displayed an auburn poll at the top of the ladder.

"Get out!" cried Philip. "You get out!"

Fate, at this moment, made Scrubby a victim of his friends. A stone sailing through the open window from without, hit him on the head and he dropped, howling.

"Philip, he's back there with more'n a million rocks," he wept, "and he hit me with one of 'em!"

This version of the injury impressed the crowd and Philip, huddled in his corner, heard the murmur of a council of war. Then the voice of the Bruiser arose.

"Hey, you!" called the Bruiser. "If you don't come down we'll come up and half kill you."

"Get out!" cried Philip. "You get out"

Losing his balance he tumbled through an opening in the mow and landed with a tremendous thud below

The beleaguered made no response.

"We'll give you three minutes to come down," resumed the voice from below. "If you don't come, we'll come up and bang your head off."

Plainly the situation was desperate. Philip did not know that the injuries of Petey, of Louie and of Scrubby, and the inglorious tumble of the Bruiser had filled the others with respect for his prowess. He did know that he was alone in the loft, with every boy's hand against him.

"You comin' down?" demanded the Bruiser.

"Ya, ya, 'fraid to come down," sang two or three voices.

Louie Born joined in the taunts.

"Philip and Queenie," he sang, "Philip and Queenie! Philip'd like to go with a sheeny!"

A flow of wrath crimsoned the cheeks of the boy upstairs.

"I'll fix you," he cried, "I, I'll show you!"

He clattered about, gathering the stones deposited there by the foe.

"I'll bust somebody's head," he shrieked.

His eye fell upon the "punching bag," which he had once mistakenly constructed out of canvas and sawdust. It weighed nearly one hundred pounds. He seized upon this and dragged it toward the opening in the floor.

The boys downstairs shifted uneasily.

"What's he doin'?" asked the Bruiser.

That fighter moved toward the door.

"I'll fix you," puffed Philip, as he arrived with his burden at the ladder. "If any of you try to come up here—"

He leaned over to get a view of the besiegers.

"I'll bust— Oof!"

He had lost his balance. Wildly scratching for a hold upon the flooring,

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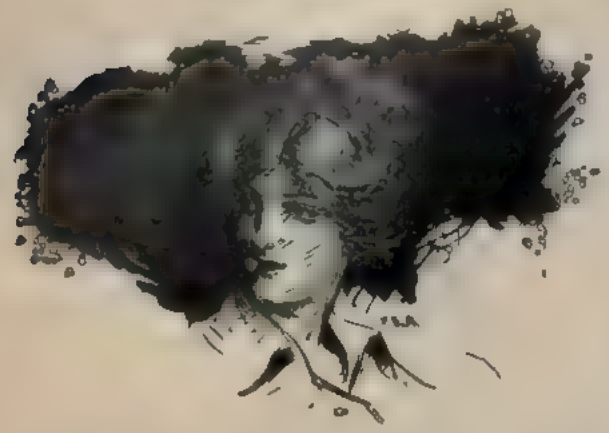
The Mystery of the Jade Earring



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"No," said Barton. "There was a little two-wheeled truck in the lower corridor that they used for moving trunks about. I used that. I took her down to the boat-house landing and put her in the water. But the current sets in there and I had to get a boat out to get into the channel, you know.

"I had meant to go on across the river and escape from there, but I was afraid to leave the boat—afraid to leave a clue. So I went back to the boat-house and put the boat away.

"I skirted the river on foot and waded around the end of the wall and then set out to walk to Oldborough. It had begun to turn very cold even then, and I was nearly frozen when the early train came along and I got aboard. I think I must have been delirious before I got off the train. I hadn't any intention of going home, but by the time we had got back to town I was in a raging fever and didn't know what I was doing. The next thing I knew I was in my bedroom in my wife's house.

"You told the story to your wife?" asked Jeffrey.

But Barton shook his head. "She never asked. I think she suspected when she found me painting out Irene's picture."

"She suspected before that," said Jeffrey. "She found Irene's revolver in your pocket."

"I wanted to tell her," said Barton, "but somehow I couldn't. We never talked about it at all, until the day we tried to give the seance. I didn't know she had a revolver that day, until I saw it in her hand. Then I tried to get it away from her. I really don't know anything that has happened since then. As soon as I got away from that house I started up here. I thought maybe I could get the goods on Crow. I don't know anything about my wife, where she is, or what she's doing. I tried to call her up on the phone one day, but didn't get any answer."

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

"No," said Jeffrey, "you couldn't get any answer. She was arrested the day of the seance for the murder of Irene Fournier. She confessed that she did it."

Barton sat up straight and then tried to get up off the bed. "They sha'n't keep her another day," he said. "She had nothing to do with it. She confessed to save me."

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "that's what she did. She thought you had done it, just as you do. But Barton, you didn't kill Irene Fournier any more than she did."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A QUESTION OF CENTIMETERS.

Barton tried impatiently to shake off his hands. "It's no use talking to me like that. I've been out of my head once or twice to-night, but I'm not now. I've told you the truth. Every word of it—literal truth."

"I know you have," said Jeffrey. "I could check up most of it. But you didn't kill the woman you know as Irene Fournier. Your wife thinks you did, and she confessed to save you. Miss Meredith thinks she killed her—killed Claire Meredith that is, who I believe to be the same person; and you—you think that you killed her. But you're all wrong."

"What are you talking about?" said Barton. "Didn't I fire a revolver at her? Didn't I see her die under my eyes?"

"You were standing with your back against the door," said Jeffrey, "when you fired at rhe. She was sitting in front of het dressing-table on a low stool. Her right side was toward you, wasn't it? She hadn't moved—hadn't turned toward you when you fired?"

Barton shook his head dumbly.

"You only fired once?"

Barton nodded.

"Your bullet," said Jeffrey, "carried away a corner of the mirror support and buried itself in the plaster in the

wall. Irene's revolver wouldn't have had penetration enough to do that, if the bullet had entered her body first. And sitting where she was, she couldn't have intercepted it."

"How do you know that was the revolver I fired?" said Barton.

"Because you carried it away with you," said Jeffrey. "You had it in your hand when you frightened the servant in the hall, and it was in your pocket when your wife found it. Besides, if you'd shot her with an automatic thirty-eight, the bullet would have left its mark somewhere else."

Jeffrey gave that a minute to sink in and then he went on again.

"Why was it that Irene appeared that first night when you were in the room? You know the reason. She was afraid of Crow. She wanted a hold on Crow that your knowledge of the game would give her. She wanted two people to play off against each other, and you and Crow served her purpose. She wouldn't have feared Crow without reason, and she wouldn't have taken you into the game, unless she had feared him. But in spite of her fear she played the game recklessly. Evidently she thought that night that she had it in her own hands. Otherwise she wouldn't have tried to trap you. When you fired at her you missed. She was quick-witted enough to do the one thing that would keep you from firing again—pretend that she was hit.

"The fact that she was already made up white to look like a ghost made the trick easier to play. But she might have played it better. She acted it like an opera-tenor—made the conventional gesture—clapped her left hand to her breast, in spite of the fact that it was her right side that was exposed to you.

"But the trick worked. You weren't in a condition to think about details. You couldn't get out the door you had come in by, because Crow was holding it on the other side.

"Now, what happened after you had gone out? Crow came in. You had played straight into his hands. He must have wanted desperately to get her out of the way.

"When would he have a better opportunity to do it than just after you left her, thinking you had killed her yourself? Your revolver was lying on the chiffonier. But I don't think he noticed it. If he had, he'd probably have killed her with it, instead of with his own."

"How do you know he didn't kill her with it?" I asked. "Assuming that you are right about everything else, how can you be sure of that?"

"Why," said Jeffrey, "I have taken the trouble to read the full report of the inquest—a thing that even Barton apparently has neglected to do. The bullet was found in the body, and it was a thirty-two."

He turned back to Barton. "I suppose you'd had enough of the crime without reading about it," he said. "I dare say I'd have felt that way myself. But, if anything is true in the world, Barton, it's that the man who killed Irene Fournier was the man who followed you up that passage, intending to kill you, and if that man was Crow, then Crow was the muderrer."

There was a silence after that. Gwendolyn broke it. "He must have killed her without giving her time to finish dressing, because the bodice itself wasn't penetrated by the bullet. He must have dressed her himself afterward. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"She was arrested the day of the seance"

"I imagine," said Jeffrey, "that for some reason a good deal hung on that last appearance Irene meant to make. She told Barton here, you remember, that the game would be played that night—finished. She probably meant to play it her way—refused to play it Crow's. Somehow or other I imagine that her body, dead and cold and white, clad in its satin gown, was used once more to terrorize Crow's victim. And then—this is pure guesswork, you know—after he had carried her back and laid her on the bed in the hidden room, waiting for the dark of another night to finish his work and hide the traces of it, he started out for a walk—perhaps just at dawn. And he found Barton there unconscious.

"How he got him into the house, I don't know. He's strong enough, I think, to have carried him in bodily. Or, whether he roused him and walked in and then drugged him into a deeper unconsciousness afterward, I don't know. However, he did it—that one discovery gave him his chance.

"Whatever happened, he would be fortified by the irresistible presumption in Barton's mind that Barton himself was the murderer."

"I can hardly believe it yet," said Barton. "I can see her still just as she looked there on the floor. She looked like death. And why—" He stopped there and seemed to be wrestling with a question he found it hard to ask. Finally he got it out. "If I didn't kill her, then what has she got against me now? Why did she appear to me to-night in the house?"

There was something in the simple, almost childlike way in which he asked the question that embarrassed us a little. Me, anyway, and I think Jeffrey, too, for he changed the subject rather abruptly.

"Why did you go back there, Barton? You said you wanted to get the goods on Crow."

"I don't know just what I wanted," he said. "I knew he had some papers that he kept locked up pretty carefully in a steel uniform case. I took a wax impression of the lock the last day I was there. I didn't know what he had, but I felt pretty sure there was something. I made the key at home when I hadn't anything better to do. I made sure there was no one in the house to-night. Miss Meredith and her companion had gone back. I found that out at Oldborough. And they said Crow hadn't been down for some time. I knew the caretaker slept in the gardener's cottage, so I thought it a good chance to go and see what my key would unlock."

"Well, you're a rather reckless burglar, I think," said Jeffrey, "lighting

Crow's wing of the house under those conditions."

"I didn't," said Barton. "I used a pocket-torch."

"Weren't you rather startled," asked Jeffrey, "when you heard the auto motor driving?"

"I didn't," said Barton. "An automobile passed me on the way out to Beech Hill. None came into the grounds while I was there."

I could see from Jeffrey's face that he was puzzled, and the quality of his voice showed it, too, when he asked the next question.

"What did you do? Tell us exactly what you did."

"Forced a window on the first floor and got in," said Barton. "Went down the corridor and let myself into the east wing of the house. That was Crow's, and he always kept it locked. I found his box and went to work. My key needed a bit of retouching before I could get it open.

"On top of the things in the box was a photographic plate wrapped up in paper. I shone my torch through it and it looked like a photograph of Irene. I didn't want that, so I put it aside and began picking at the papers."

"A photographic plate?" said Jeffrey. "Not a photograph?"

"No, a plate. I let my torch shine through it. She was dressed in white satin, like in the portrait."

"What did you do with it?" Jeffrey asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know much that happened after that, because just then I heard the creak of a door and saw a light and jumped up. I thought some one was coming. I tell you I was ready for that. I shouldn't have made a fool of myself for Crow or any one else. I knew just where I meant to go—how I meant to get away. But then I looked up and saw her."

His face was white now—white as it had been when he came bursting in upon us in the long room when the lightning showed him to us. His voice had fallen to a whisper.

"It was Irene herself come back. She stood there holding a candle, shading it from her eyes with her hand. But I saw her face staring at me—wide-eyed—frightened like, out of the dark."

"Dressed in white?" said Jeffrey steadily. He was the only one of us who could manage his voice like that. "Dressed in white as you had always seen her—and with her hair done the same way?"

Barton shook his head. "I don't know. I don't think so. I didn't see any white. Just her face and the hand that shaded the candle. She made a little noise in her throat and at that I began running. I don't know where I went. I got lost in the passages. And when the lightning showed where I was I was in the room where I had killed her."

There was another silence, broken at last by Jeffrey, and the strangeness of what he said fairly made me gasp.

"A photographic plate," he said, thoughtfully. His narrowed eyes were looking out at nothing in the intensity of his concentration. To Barton's terrifying vision he wasn't apparently, giving a thought. "I'd like to see that. I wish you had it here."

At that moment there came a thundering knock at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation to enter, Richards burst in upon us. The open door hid the bed, and for a moment he didn't see Barton. But the sight of Jeffrey seemed to be enough to finish him.

"Well," he said grimly, "you aren't the man I'm looking for, but I guess you'll do. You've butted in on the police just once too often. And running off with an automobile is no joke. Put on your coat and come along. I'd have got my man it if hadn't been for—"

He had got a little farther into the room by then and he caught his first glimpse of the rest of us, including Gwendolyn. She was in negligee, rather—she's very pretty that way—and it was the sight of her really that prevented him from noticing Barton on the bed, for he stopped short and caught his breath and backed up a little.

"Excuse me," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," said Gwendolyn. "We're very glad you've come."

"We are, indeed," Jeffrey corroborated politely. "As for our having butted in, you'd never have got your man, Richards, unless perhaps out of the river a couple of weeks from now. Somebody else would have got him first. We saved him for you. We're glad you've come to claim him, for we didn't know quite what to do with him."

As he concluded he nodded toward the bed where Barton lay. Richards looked and gasped. "Where did you find him?" he demanded.

Instead of answering, Jeffrey spoke to Barton. "Jail's the safest place for you until we get through with this business. Go along with Richards. Keep your head and don't worry. I'll let you know how things come out."

"I suppose, according to your theory, he doesn't even know what he's wanted for," said Richards. The sight of Barton had restored his good humor immediately.

"On the contrary," Jeffrey answered coolly, "he's been under the impression all along that he had killed Irene Fournier himself. He has told us all about it. I've just been trying to convince him that he was mistaken."

"Mistaken!" Richards roared, and then stood staring speechless. "I've seen some nuts in my day but you're the prize. I've got to hand it to you. 'Convince him that he's mistaken'!"

He stepped out into the corridor and nodded to two detectives who were waiting there. "Come in," he said. "I've got Barton."

He seemed to agree with Jeffrey that jail would be the best place for him, though I doubt if he was much better convinced of his mistake than Richards himself. He got up stiffly, and I picked up his coat to help him into it. As I did so I noticed something in one of the side pockets.

"Barton," said I, "isn't that the plate?"

He pulled it out and looked at it. It was a flat, heavy oblong, wrapped in tissue-paper.

"I must have put it in my pocket without knowing," he said, and handed it over to Jeffrey.

"Here!" said Richards. "You can't do that."

"Send Barton along with your men and wait a minute," said Jeffrey. From the quiet authority of his tone he might have been a police commissioner. Richards hesitated an instant, then gave a confirmatory nod to his men. Barton went out quietly between them.

"Well?" demanded Richards, as I closed the door behind them.

"Just a minute," Jeffrey repeated.

He tore the paper off the plate and stared at it rather blankly. There was Claire Meredith in her white satin gown, posed just as she had been in the portrait.

"That French photographer must have sent him the plate as well as the print," I commented. "I wonder why he did that?"

Jeffrey pulled a little steel measuring tape out of his pocket and began very carefully, measuring the plate. Richards shifted his feet uneasily. Jeffrey's "nonsense" always worried him. But by the look in my friend's face there was no nonsense about this.

He shut up the tape absently and put it in his pocket, then went on staring at the negative. He was holding it slantwise now, so that the light reflected instead of shining through. I shall never forget the expressions that crossed his face. Doubt at first, and then surmise and then a sort of wide-eyed, incredulous certainty. The rest of us were hardly breathing, and at last even Richards was gazing at him in involuntary fascination.

"It's not a French plate," he said, at last. "It measures in inches, not in centimeters."

Richards uttered a grunt of disgust. "Is that all you've kept me waiting for? What does it matter whether it measures in yards or in quarts?"

To be continued.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF BOB

NIGHT was closing in around the train. It was a little bob-tailed train with no pullmans and no diner—a branch line train with a conductor who had punched ten years' worth of tickets over the same steel. The girl with the seal coat didn't look as though she belonged

But she didn't belong anywhere, now. One racing mile was the same as another, They were all dark. And the lordliest chef who ever reigned in a diner couldn't have made her swallow anything but salt tears.

She had been home, up-country, to the old brick house with the big garden. Bob had been there, too. Now Bob was whirling away due east in a long train that dripped enthusiastic khaki from every window. And she was going south again. Bob was her only brother

The other man had died before there was any war—the man who was nearer than Bob. She had thought nothing could hurt after that. Then came August, 1914, and one by one the rest of the men she knew had enlisted. All but Bob. Bob had a little red spot in his cheek and some other sort of spot on his lungs and they wouldn't take him.

Oh, how he had wanted to go! And the girl had wanted for him, wanted fiercely, seeing his eagerness and the pain of staying. They had talked it over in the city while they pretended to watch the vaudeville lady climb out of her candy box, singing lollipops They had talked it over again while they tried to eat oysters. The girl could see Bob's sullen, disappointed face, now—his tragic, hurt eyes because he "wasn't a man any more, just an invalid And they wouldn't take him"

And then—well, pull had done what pushing couldn't To be sure it was madness—suicide. But the brother of a seal coat and the son of a long bank account has a sort of right to die if he wants to.

She remembered the short jubilant telegram—"Accepted. Hurray!" It was signed Bobsy—his old kid name. That showed he knew she had pulled wires too, till her fingers bled.

Now he was gone.

She remembered a day when he was seventeen and she was a scant year and a half older. They had gone to the city together. They were such chums.

He was taking the train into the north woods on his first venture. But before that they had gone for a long walk into the smoky winter twilight.

They had stopped somehow on a railroad bridge over a maze of tracks and he had told her how he would some day build wonders like that. He was so big and so enthusiastic and he believed in himself so hard.

They had sworn chumship vows while the engines coughed in the gathering dark. Every year—twice a year—they would go for a "toot" together Right on until he had to push her in a wheel-chair and bring his grandson along to help. Nothing should ever make any difference—other girls, other men, other years

God! how it hurt

The girl flung her head up. The air in the car choked her. She almost ran down the aisle and out into the swaying platform where the green lights winked back at the white gates of the last village crossing.

Something in the mad pounding of the train steadied her, something in the racing country that leaped out of the dark and was lost again. There were miles and miles and miles of it—rich land with farms and twinkle-eyed houses back in the trees, and here and there a stretch of wood lot.

"How big it is out there, how still," she thought, "it's only the train that rushes and roars. The country lies still and waits."

And then it came to her how men had fought for this land—the French and the English, the French and the Indians—and back behind that, all the dim wars of Europe, for great principles, for the blind development of peoplehood as against princedom. If there had been no Wars of the Roses, doubtless there would be no phonographs, no Sunday Schools, no movie shows, no hot modern life that seethes at wrong, no big, generous, wonderful little Belgium to resent the Kaiser.

It swept over her as never before—Bob was a part of it, not only a part of the British Army, but one more gallant heart in the long line that stretched back to Alfred the Great, back to little David with his slingstone, back to God, who gave His Son for earth's liberties before the foundation of the world.

Oh she was proud of him, proud of her brother who wouldn't come back. She could cry now—not chokingly, nor bitterly, nor grudgingly, but because she loved him.

And sometime, up there beyond the stars, there would be a great Camp fire, where all the heroes who had fought for God would come and lay their armor down. David would be there. And Wellington. And Bob.

They would let her in too, because she was his sister, and had helped him go

CONSCRIPTING DICKIE

THERE is a certain class in Canada which has not done, is not doing its duty to the Empire. Doubtless it will never come forward under anything less than the scruff-of-the-neck appeal.

Myra and Doris are both twenty. Myra has the most expensive, ineffective private school education procurable. She can play a little, sing a little, cook a little. And dance a great deal. Also she has the most adorable mouth you ever saw, despite the English-pinned-on accent. Doris is at service in Myra's mother's home. She is quite as pretty, quite as sweet and quite as fond of dancing as her mistress' daughter.

But neither Myra nor Doris have danced much for the past year. Myra's friends are all at the Front. And so are Doris's. Myra's erstwhile engineers and doctors and bank boys are lieutenants and captains of varying degrees of efficiency. Doris's finance is a corporal. And one girl is as proud of her friends as the other

Yet the streets are full of men.

Where do they come from—who are they, these unseizable civilians of cigarette age and moving-picture rating?

They are the class between. They've never met Myra. And they wouldn't meet Doris. They are the small wholesale clerks who can't live on their incomes, the over-smart shop-assistants the budding office-men whose pay envelopes always carry an I O U. They are the folk who couldn't go as officers,

lacking the necessary education, and who haven't the grit, the well-placed pride, to go as privates

They are the men who never rise because they won't kneel. They are the men who covet Ford cars on fifteen a week, and a reputation for rapidity on the strength of one trip to New York. They are the sham-diamond men. They can't afford reality—they wo'nt live without glass. They are the men who cram the burlesque houses—or the back rows of church-choirs, if they sing tenor, instead of playing the races

Myra is real. And Doris is real. And so are their friends. But the shifting, shirking in-betweeners, the men who won't work with their hands and can't work with their heads (lacking the equipment) these are the rotters.

What about conscription? If you thrust a gun into Dickie's hands could he live up to it? Would it make a man of him, do you think? There are thousands of men with real reasons—huge aching reasons—that prevent their voluntary enlistment. But conscription wouldn't touch them. It would pass them by in favor of Dickie.

If you could be sure of one of Doris's friends on each side of him Dickie might evolve into reality. And soldierhood. Otherwise—well, heaven help Kitchener!

FIELDS AND THE HILLS

MARY has taken to writing me lately. She has read the Pack and she thinks—heavens knows why—that she'd like the Pedlar.

Mary lives in a village of which the mad metropolis is another village large enough to have electric light. Mary has lived there all her sweet life—all her mother's life I was about to say. For it's the soft grey presence of this gentle, smiling mother-who-used-to-be that fills in the whole picture and accounts for Mary—an uncountry Mary who loves books (which she knows well) and cities (which she doesn't know at all).

Mary's letters always begin, "It's a day of still rain," or "We had a wonderful sunset to-night." You can notice such things in a village. Rain doesn't mean a bobbing sidewalkful of sleek black umbrellas, and not even a strap in the car home. You don't have to toil up to the sixteenth story to see a village sunset. But then Mary doesn't rave over bent grasses and the symphony of quiet rain, nor solemn purples folding up the sun.

Mary's mother used to live in town. When she married she went to the country. But her soul was a city-soul always. Or so at least Mary thinks.

"How often I've seen her stand at the window when I was a tiny child, and look away across the fields with such a wistful pathetic expression in her eyes! She seemed to be always waiting or expecting that dim something-to-happen, always hoping——"

Mary stands at the window too and she looks across the fields. And what she thinks she wants is a city!

"Oh how lovely life in a city must be!" she says in her last letter. "How often I've dreamed of what it must be like—never to be lonesome any more, never any long monotonous days and lonely evenings—to have a chance to meet educated, broad-minded people every day—to get away from "the everlasting hills!"

Mary, Mary—you don't mean that. You might or might not meet the educated, broad-minded people—the two adjectives aren't synonomous by the way—but the hills, dear, the hills would be there still, shutting off the unattainable. And the long fields across which to look for the something-going-to-happen.

Hills and fields are moods of the soul.

LOUISE lives in a city. She isn't a hall bedroom girl. She has a third story room in a nine-a-week boarding house which calls itself "Blankdon Court." The difference between Blankdon and a cheaper boarding house—of which there are plenty—is largely in the size of the street number and the size of the landlady who is an American with private-hotel aspirations

Louise's room has lemon-yellow kalsomined walls. The girl-before carried a picture-postcard mania to sheer delirium, taking the impedimenta away with her, and leaving the tackholes as reminders. There is a green drugget on the floor and more or less dingy curtains on the one window outside which Louise keeps her cream bottle. The window leaks. Or else the radiator doesn't radiate. Anyhow the room is always cold.

Louise has dinner in the basement dining room. There is a commercial traveller's wife at the same table, a querulous, faded person who says she wants a home, but hasn't the grit to make one for John out of the materials in hand. There are also two bookkeepers (one of each sex) and a school-teacher with straw colored hair, engaged to an elderly curate. They might all of them fade into the wall-paper without anyone missing them till it came time to collect their accounts.

Louise goes upstairs. She goes up three flights, each a little steeper than the one before.

The east is grey from her window. The lights are strung down the street like somebody's lost pearls. A sturdy and unconscripted civilian goes by whistling. [illegible] the boys of the A[illegible] and a newsie interrupts to sell him a W[illegible] Tremaine a quiet street all but the [illegible] corner which has [illegible]

Louise [illegible] the window even though [illegible] The room [illegible] not with [illegible] but with the [illegible] Look of them she knew that May [illegible] would be [illegible] and [illegible]

There is a [illegible] over the roof tops. [illegible] and away and the girl [illegible] tired soul reaches [illegible] The night that doesn't come.

Those are the fields, Mary, the fields of something-going-to-happen.

But it's too cold. Louise closes the window with a weary little [illegible] and looks round at her lemon-yellow walls with the tackholes.

Those are the hills. She can't get away from them.

Fields are the soul's, "I want I want!" Hills are the old, "Not yet

Sinews of the Land

Continued from page 215

which, and tributary in a commercial way to the Nechako country, stretches a land of lakes and rivers. Babine, North Tacla, the Omineca mining country, the Nation and Parsnip rivers—headwater streams of the Mackenzie valley. To the right hand rises the Talkwa hills, and between lie the broad rolling Bulkley valley through which by easy grades, the trail path way runs over the Divide and into the Nechako. So close do the two valleys join that from one spring bubbling beside the track water runs into the sea by way of the Skeena and also by way of the Fraser. This spring, is in fact one of the many sources of the latter river

Following a new land custom the streams of the Northwest frequently bear different names along the different parts of their course. The Parsnip becomes the Peace and the latter the Mackenzie, the Saskatchewan becomes the Nelson and in like manner the Entiaco becomes the Nechako, which joining with the Stuart, forms the western arm of the Fraser.

From south and west and north these streams gather, rising in the foothills of the Coast Range and the Babine, flowing through long and narrow lakes, such as Francois and Stuart, and over rapids that alone prevent uninterrupted navigation northward from the canyon of the Fraser. Along the streams the trails run naturally into the lower Nechako valley—trails from the Omineca, from the Dean

River country far to the southwest, and most familiar of all to the early pioneer, the Caribou trail along which away from the Ontonagon Valley far southward, away from the sight and sound of the locomotive, tramped of old toward the gold hills of the north. From this same point run other trails into the upper Peace River country and to the gap in the wall of the Rockies through which another wave of treasure-seekers poured through the Yellowhead Pass, and so down the South Fork of the Fraser. As you will have observed, and as I have mentioned where the trails of man cross, cities are built, and civilization brushes the wilderness aside to make room for her children. This is history—and it is prophecy as well. The trails meet and cross at and near Vanderhoof.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 195

better known as Uapukun, which is the Indian name of the wild rose.

She sat by him quietly, with inexhaustible patience, giving him the water he was always craving for, and the food that he rebelled against. She wiped the sweat from his face, paid no attention when he seemed to swear at her, and, when he would have left his bed, restrained him gently with lithe muscles of steel. One day big tears ran down his weather-burnt cheeks, while he babbled foolishly, and she bent over him, tenderly, and stroked his poor thin face, which shows that there may be a few points in common between a gently nurtured lady and an ignorant savage that has never even seen a white man's village.

IT TOOK quite a number of days for Pete to regain his consciousness. For a long time he stared unbelievingly at the ceiling, with that sense of being born anew in a strange land which comes to those who awaken from prolonged delirium. Then his head turned and, in startled fashion, he looked at the girl who was sitting near his bunk. She was engaged in beading a gaudy shoe pack as she sat upon an upturned oleomargarine tub. Close at hand, looking very solemn and preternaturally grave, a rotund infant squatted on the floor, unprofitably employed in seeking to obtain nourishment from a fat brown thumb.

She appeared to be taken by surprise, as lifting her head, she realized that he was looking at her intelligently.

"Who are you?" he inquired weakly, showing that he was much puzzled.

"Me Marie," she replied. "Injuns call Uapukun."

"And that kid?" he continued, pointing to the child.

"Him Ahteck."

"That means the Caribou. He ain't much of a big bull yet, is he? Who does he belong to?"

For an instant the girl seemed to hesitate, but when she spoke she answered quickly that he was her little brother.

Pete looked at her, searchingly, but her face was as of graven stone.

"How old are you?"

"Me nineteen. Him four year old," she replied, and rose from her seat to get him an evil-smelling concoction that was simmering on the small stove.

In spite of his weakness he was able to note the lithe grace of her figure and the abundance of the black shining tresses she had fastened up like those of a white woman. It was a raven-hued crown surmounting a queenly head. In the yellow moccasins her feet were small, and Pete knew that nothing had ever misshapen them.

"My, but you're a beauty!" he thought, and feebly inquired about her people.

It appeared that her parents had died long ago. She was a Nascaupee and mentioned a region he had never heard of, somewhere this side of Michikamau.

"How do you live?" he asked.

"Me the servant of Barry's woman," she told him. "When the woman die I no longer work for Barry. Me no like."

This was all that Pete needed to know. The girl evidently belonged to the flotsam that drifts through the north, cast about by virtue of chance or accident. Barry's wife who, he had gathered, was a good woman, probably knew all about her and doubtless she was all right. The former agent's wife had come across the girl somehow, with that young one, and had probably found her a willing servant who worked hard for little or no wage but her keep.

"Why didn't I see you when I first came here?" he asked.

"Me didn't know if you would want me," she answered, quietly. "After Barry die me put the keys there, on little table. You find 'em. Also you know much tobacco gone and much tea. Maybe you think I take 'em?"

There was the faintest approach to an air of haughtiness about the girl, as she spoke, and Pete looked at her, curiously. Then his thin hand went out and rested upon her own.

"No, Uapukun. I'll gamble on you every time."

At this she blushed a little, and went off to get him food which, to her delight, he took eagerly. After this the man lay back, quite exhausted, and slept peacefully while the blood of his life renewed coursed hard through his veins, bringing strength.

During the time of his recovery, which was long, Pete found the girl simply invaluable. She knew the debt of every Indian at the Post, and, better still, could tell who were the trustworthy ones and those one had to be careful about.

Pete was compelled to remain in bed for a long time before his leg permitted of full use but, thanks to Uapukun, the business affairs of the Post went on first-rate. She would come in with the account books, and long talks about the dealings followed.

"Jack Janvier him good man. Want him debt now. Travel very far to hunting ground. Him say has more as hundred skins in the book."

Pete realized how faithfully she had cared for him. When she bore dishes into the sitting room he would look at her, cogitating deeply with the utmost seriousness. Then he might say a few words, and, according to their nature, would be answered frankly, with splendid dark eyes looking into his own, or more demurely, with head bent and the girl's gaze directed to the floor at her feet.

AS THE leaves were beginning to put on a golden tint, among the birches and poplars, a canoe came down from the northern end of the lake, on a flying trip, having traveled all the way from Rupert Factory. The man who sat in the middle was a parson.

Pete had come down to the beach to meet him. The newcomer jumped out nimbly, stamped his feet once or twice on the gravel to shake out the kinks due to the cramped position, and put out a friendly hand.

"You're welcome," said Pete. "I'm the new man here. Barry's dead."

"So I have heard," answered the clergyman. "Some Nascaupees told me about it. How do you like this post? Think you'll get along all right?"

"I reckon so," answered Pete. "I'll be able to tell better next Spring after the fur begins to come in. Of course I'm anxious to make a good showing."

The clergyman had really asked a personal question, but Pete had failed to understand this. To him getting along simply meant obtaining the approval of people like Mr. Smith.

"It is a lonely place," commented the parson.

"It would be," replied Pete. "But I'll tell you," he went on, scratching his head in some embarrassment. "I was never so glad to see a man. The fact is—I'm thinkin' mighty hard about gettin' married. There's the girl, over there!"

Through curved hands he shouted.

"Come *over* here, Uapukun!"

The young woman came down, slowly.

For a moment the missionary stared at her, by no means unmindful of her great beauty. To some extent, of

course, the idea of such a wedding went against his grain though he was becoming accustomed, in that country, to some strange shufflings of matrimonial cards.

"Just a word or two first, my dear fellow," said the parson sitting down on the prostrate trunk of an old birch.

Uapukun, discreetly, moved away to the edge of the lake. Little Ahteck came toddling down to her, and put a small hand in her own while, for a good many minutes, they gazed out quietly on the water while the two men were speaking. But the girl's dusky cheeks were more flushed than usual, and the hand held to her breast was seeking to still a loudly beating heart.

"There is just one thing I want to know," said the missionary, "because I won't have anything to do with a marriage that is not the most serious and the greatest thing in a man's life, if I can help it. Is it your intention to stick to that girl all your days? Do you truly love her?"

Pete looked at him with eyes that spoke of sterling honesty, of faith in himself and the girl.

"She worked over me when I was just a dying and rotting piece of manhood," he said, with a slight catch in his voice. "She tended me like a mother, and faithful as a dog. Them arms of hers lifted me off the bed, sir, just like I'd been a child, yes, me! I wasn't much but bones then, but there must have been some heft to me just the same. It has come to me pretty quick, I reckon, but it's come, that feelin' that she can make me happy, that idea that this lonesome place'd be hell without her, beggin' your pardon, an' if you want to know the truth I'd rather ye'd take and chop off both my hands this minute, than to think I'd ever make her unhappy!"

The words were spoken slowly, by a man who had known so much loneliness in the silent places of the vast North that he had often been compelled to speak aloud to himself, for the mere comfort of the sound. In his voice something vibrated that was like the power of truth itself, whereupon the missionary put a hand on his shoulder.

"It is well. Come," he said, quietly rising from his seat. Then he directed his steps to the place where Uapukun was waiting

"This man tells me he wants to be your husband," he told her. "Is it also your wish?"

Her hand was still pressed to her bosom, but her eyes did not fall to the ground. She looked straight at the man who was questioning her, and her other arm swept a great arc of the lake and the islands.

"It is my hope!" she said. "It is more than all the world to me"

Then all the men and women left at the Post, with their silent young crowding behind, began to troop into the store-house, since it was the biggest room. Its shelves were decorated with an assortment of the commoner groceries, while from the ceiling hung collections of shoe-packs, snow-shoes, tinware and great hanks of twine for the making of nets. The assemblage of Indians looked on respectfully. They had guessed and were glad that the big man was taking a mate from among them. He was well liked. It would keep him long on Grand Lac.

Finally men began to seek their tents again. Women hurried off to kindle the fires for supper, and small boys sought their bows and arrows for a renewal of their play. At this time the two turned back toward the Post. The door soon closed upon them and, after the surprising fashion of white men, Pete placed his hand gently on the back of Uapukun's head and brought her face to his lips. Her two hands, lifted to his shoulders, gripped them with convulsive strength.

"Oh! Peter! My husband!" she said.

But in her tender voice, in the look of her deep dark eyes, there was something that gave him the impression of love profound as the great blue lake, high as the mountains that guarded it, vast as the wondrous great land over which her ancestors had lorded for years and years without number. And never, in the years to come, was it to falter or lose an atom of its strength.

SUCH was the beginning of a happy life for Pete McLeod, of which little can be recorded, since the bliss of pure love and quiet contentment can only be written in the throbbing breasts of men and women. Nowhere could he have found greater affection or an existence able to appeal more strongly to him.

Under his efficient care the Post was doing splendidly and years came and went smoothly, during which his little boy and girl thrived apace, while the lad Ahteck began to give promise of great stature and strength against the time when full maturity should reach him

The latter was a quaint, serious boy, his nature a marked contrast to that of the two little half-breeds, whom he loved and cared for with great gentleness

Came a day when Ahteck was sixteen, and he was already wonderfully strong and taller than most men of his race. Under Pete's tuition he had become an unusually good shot, a trapper of sorts, and was acquainted with a large extent of the surrounding country. Whether with the paddle, or the iron-shod pole used in surmounting rapids, he was a fine canoeman, while over long portages he easily carried loads that entitled him to the respect of men mighty with the tump-line that fastens against the forehead and bears the burden resting on the back and loins. Here it may be noted that in the Hudson Bay country one test of a good traveller is the ability to carry over a goodly distance a pack made up of three bales of fur and that these average ninety pounds [illegible]

Around the Post he was to [illegible] another right hand, cheerfully doing more than [illegible] and the agent never treated him otherwise than as a son. [illegible]

To be continued

The New Boss of the Sixth

Continued from page 221.

the rungs of the ladder, the walls he tumbled through the opening and landed with a tremendous thud.

Made [illegible] the [illegible] theories of surprise in war the [illegible] demoralized the enemy. [illegible] ing second at this bold warrior who had [illegible] their midst. And then they incontinently fled. An [illegible] jam at the door a [illegible] gravel and the mob was [illegible] had taken them for its own and led them pell-mell to the main street and to safety.

The late besieged arose, investigated the situation, and made haste into the outer air.

"'Fraidy calf," he shouted. "'Fraidy calf, 'fraidy calf!"

He was master of the field. Covered with glory and dirt, he seized his coal bucket from a heap of [illegible] of the deserted stalls and went in to supper.

There was a spice of winter in the air the next morning. Philip was forced to don his overcoat, which he detested, and was further [illegible] with a pair of leather mitts. He did not protest, as he would ordinarily have done, for he felt that he would not be scoffed at on his way to [illegible]

He scuffed along, watching with careful eye open for signs of yesterday. At the corner he was respectfully greeted by Petey Martin. Philip contemplatively gazing at the sky, ignored him.

"Hello, Philip," said Petey.

He turned and looked upon Petey as from a great height

"Oh," he said. "That's you, is it?"

"Why," said the Martin boy, "I just wanted to know are you sore at me? Why, you know I didn't write Phil. I didn't write that on your barn. Some Born did. I just thought I'd come and tell you."

Here was information of value Philip considered, and decided to accept Petey's overtures.

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STILL MORE conveniences
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And the SAME sterling quality in every detail at a REDUCED PRICE!

—roomier

Much more room for the driver has been gained by removing the gas tank from the cowl to the rear and moving the cowl board upward and slightly ahead of its former position.

More room has also been gained in the tonneau by moving the front seats forward a few inches and making them adjustable to the passenger's personal comfort

—handsomer

Changes have also been made in the design of the car which greatly enhance its graceful lines. The fenders, for instance, have been made heavier, deeper and richer, following the curves of the wheels more closely. And with the gas tank hung on the rear, the whole car has a substantiality of appearance that is very attractive

—NEW Conveniences

mark the car throughout. Especially the gas tank in the rear and the reliable Stewart Vacuum System set on the instrument board. This insures positive feed at all times

Clutch and brake pedals are longer by inches, affording greater leverage and easier control. The windshield is equipped with a ventilating compensating device for any weather. Dash lamps, gauges, speedometer are illuminated by [illegible] by an indirect system of lighting

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But toasting, even, hardly breaks up half.

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That's the fault which Prof. A. P. Anderson corrected by steam-exploding wheat.

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The grains are flaky bonbons—food confections—seemingly too dainty to be eaten by the bowlful. But they are only grain.

Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

"Well," he said, "I'm not sore, now. I won't lick you again."

He marched on pompously, the other boy tagging after.

"But you can tell Louie that I'm going to lick him, and I'm going to lick Bruiser Young. You tell 'em that I'm going to bang the head off of 'em. That Bruiser Young's been going around here all swelled up, anyhow. I'm going to lick him. You tell him that."

"You going to lick, *both* of 'em?" Petey asked.

"You bet I am. Didn't I lick *all* of 'em yesterday? Well, I can do it again."

Up the street appeared a flash of plaid, surmounted by white furs and a saucy little beaver hat. Philip reddened, but took the bold course.

"Here comes Lola Cameron," he said. "I'm going to walk to school with her. You run along."

As he strolled magnificently beside the chirping little girl, Philip saw Petey attain the school gate and enter the yard. His heart swelled within him. Here he was, dispatching messengers of war, and walking to school with the prettiest girl in the sixth-year grade. She was the prettiest girl in the world, he amended, after a moment's thought.

He cast a side glance at her.

"Why, say now," he said. "Do you—would your mother—that is, could I come some night and see you?"

She smiled demurely.

"If you'd *like* to," she said. "I think you *could*."

His heart was thumping as she left him at the gate. He had never dared to utter such words to a girl before. He did not know they could be said so easily. His new-found confidence in himself was justified. He regretted for an instant that he had not had the courage to ask such a simple question long ago.

He turned toward a knot of boys who stood expectant in the yard. Petey Martin was standing in front of them.

"Hello, kids," said Philip, airily.

They winced at his use of "kids," but gratified at his notice, gathered round him.

"I was going to tell you," continued Philip, after a moment's pause, "that my father says I can have a bob-sled party as soon as it snows. You fellows can come if you want to. I'm going to take Lola Cameron."

Things had changed since yesterday. To be on party-going terms with this noted fighter was an honor. There was a murmur to this effect from the crowd.

"That's swell," said Scrubby Willifer, whose cap was set on at an angle to avoid a large bump that adorned his head.

Louie Born and Bruiser Young who had been hanging about the school

steps, now diffidently approached. Petey had delivered his message, but they had an apparent feeling that Philip would not assault them under the windows of the school.

'Philip,' said Louie. "Ah—say, Philip——"

"Well," said the conqueror, sternly. "What do *you* want?"

"I wanted to tell you that—I just was going to say I was sorry I wrote that on your barn. I was going to rub it out, but——"

The lie melted under the eagle glance of the injured Philip.

"Well, I'm sorry," Louie concluded.

"All right," the new hero said. "I won't lick you, and you can come to my bob-sled party. You—" he drew his breath for his great effect and glanced about to make sure the boys were listening—"You can take Queenie Bowser!"

As he moved away, there came to his ears the voice of Petey Martin lifted high.

"Slugger Philip's going to let Louie go to his party, but he says he'll lick Willie Young."

Slugger Philip! *Willie* Young! He turned on the school steps and saw the late Bruiser climbing over the back fence, bound homeward. As he walked into the class room, his bosom swelled with conscious importance. He was leader now!

Eighty-two Bushels

Continued from page 217.

much of it, in an attempt to create a better standard of agriculture.

Seager Wheeler has grown as high as eight-two bushels of wheat to the acre. He caught the attention of the world in 1911, at the New York Show, when he won the prize of $1,000 in gold offered for the best wheat grown on the continent, and by its winning got back more than the money he originally paid for his 160 acres of land near Rosthern, some fifteen years ago—a neat little side profit that tickled him immensely. It surprised him as well, for he had not done much competing for prizes. Once or twice he had entered a local competition and come off with honors, and was emboldened to seek wider fields by competing at the Regina fair because he had seen on one of the judges at a previous competition and seen that prize wheat was no better than he was growing as a result of some years of careful seed selection.

He had found some heads of wheat in his fields from a single one of which he had grown wheat which weighed two and a half pounds. His exhibit at the Regina fair the next year, carefully arranged in specially made case, brought him a number of prizes, and he learned

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something of the value that appearance adds to an exhibit placed in competition. But he had learned more difficult things than this in learning to grow wheat that produced eighty-two bushel an acre kind of results—the American average is fourteen. He was ready with the handsomest kind of exhibit when finally encouraged to compete in the New York Show. He won with a bushel of Marquis wheat that yielded seventy-five bushels to the acre, and weighed sixty-two and a half pounds to the bushel two and a half pounds more than the standard weight

Nellie McClung

Continued from page 219

All this happened in 1914. When she moved West to Edmonton the reformer lady again had her job cut out for her. By a petition of twenty-five per cent. of the electors in eighty five per cent. of the municipalities, Alberta was to have a referendum on the temperance question. You may imagine therefore how the "heroine of Manitoba" was snapped up. She was whisked from county to county per auto, she was starred in churches, in town halls, in lodge rooms, and under the blue-blue sky of Alberta, just then enjoying its annual pour.

Back in Edmonton the ground was mined and trenched so you couldn't see the town for workers. Every yellow-journal, purple-scream method was used to its last lone limit—buttons, badges, babies, and parades. Two days before the election, Jupiter Pluvius turned off the tap and Alberta went dry up above—a good omen Nellie thought. On the 21st, each of Edmonton's ninety three polling booths was in charge of six women, and out in the country the ladies spread free lunch under the trees for all voters, and no questions asked

That night the results began to come in, and when the cheers subsided the net figures showed a two to one majority for the drys.

Was Mrs McClung satisfied? Certain-lee *not*!

She got her breath and a new hat and came back to Ontario where the breezy West isn't just as popular as in its native habitat, and she filled Massey Hall, Toronto, with an audience that certainly looked, sounded and collectioned for her favorite cause in a thoroughly appreciative manner.

Nellie is some Chinook, eh, what?

Now she's back home with the babies. That's where she has wanted to be all along, she says. She'd a heap sight sooner make a cake than a vote. But can she stick? Here's wondering!

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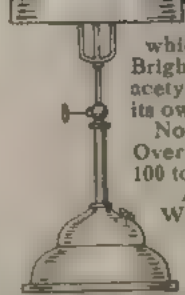

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Little Welshman

Continued from page 197.

have been the *raison d'etre*. Always he has fought for Freedom of conviction and action and the People. These last have been his allies. His opponents have been anyone and everyone, high and low, whom, in his opinion, held wrong views and stood for those forces which were diametrically opposite to his own. It did not matter who or what his foe might be.

A good deal of his fighting has been done for Wales. Of all causes near his heart, Welsh Disestablishment was nearest. At one time Mr. Lloyd George desired Home Rule for Wales. He saw the fight Ireland was making for the same end, and he praised it. He went up and down the country talking about Home Rule, both in its application to the Disthressful Country and to his own.

"We want Home Rule for Ireland, for Scotland, and for Wales," he said, in a speech one night.

A heckler in his audience, who was not a local optionist, yelled out, "Home Rule for Hell."

"Quite right," came Mr. George's quick retort, "I'm glad the gentleman sticks up for his own country

It is an old story now that he took his life in his hands over the Boer War controversy. Few, even among his admirers and fellow-Liberals agreed with him. But the young Welsh member, sincere if, according to some, mistaken, dared to tell the house "of the righteousness that exalteth a nation."

He fought the late Mr. Chamberlain as no other had ever done. He discerned in him the strong man of the Tory Government and he was up and at him, using the same weapons as those "Joe" employed. Mr. Chamberlain had the House scared; it was no secret But the little Welshman saw that the way to beat the Man from Birmingham was to tackle him, to attack him, and not to wait for him to strike first. He commenced. With the same bitter personal enmity, the same stinging personalities, the same cruel taunts, the same matchless reasoning, he was at the throat of his adversary and shaking his arguments as a terrier shakes a rat

HIS Budget of 1909 was the next battlefield. The Land Clauses were the *bete noir* of his political opponents and almost a bugbear for his friends. But with mob opinon howling him down, with attacks right and left, he stood his ground. "If those land clauses go," he said, "I go, too." He stayed.

So it was over the Insurance Bill, so over Home Rule, so over everything. Nothing ever discouraged him. No foe ever daunted him. To the firing of the

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foe he replies with firing. Nor does he wait for them to begin. He is not, like the aesthetic Balfour, a past master at the art of defence. Entrenchments have no interest for him. He would rather be riding hard at his foe, than ducking and dodging. The thing that strikes his ear most quickly is the sound of the challenger. His hand is on his foil, he looks to see that he has his quarrel just, and his sword clean and bright, then—like Prince Rupert of old—he brandishes his weapon and gallops into the fray. I think that is the secret of the tremendous admiration which all classes feel for him. He is a fighter Political divergents, who have sworn at him for his politics, take time now and then to say, "Well, you've got to admire his pluck." He knows not fear. Nobody is too big for him to attack, if he feels like it.

The Colonel's Resurrection

Continued from page 202

welcome, here. Now there was none to care whether she came or went; the garden would wither and die, alone and untended by her loving hands, even as he had died . . . even as her hope had died.

With her back to the townspeople she dropped her mask from the miserable face and allowed scalding tears to trail their way down the furrows acute suffering had made. She did not trouble to smother a groan, and oblivious to trifles, splashed into a deep pool just at the foot of the Colonel's veranda.

Precisely at that moment, the front door opened and sent a mellow shaft into the misty night. It caught Miss Letty as she pinched her lips between her teeth, and enveloped her; it sought out blurringly two or three figures at the distant gate. It silhouetted the portly form of Colonel Abner Peterson.

"The deuce!" he cried, looking from the woman at his door to the group beyond. "What are you idiots doing there—going to smash my windows, or are you merely serenading?"

A gasp was the only answer to his question, so he turned with fierce forefinger extended to Miss Letty

"Madam," he roared in the voice a general might use when urging his men to battle, "what in thunder are you doing—here?"

"Abner—I came because I thought you were dead—and lonely," she faltered.

"Dead?" he echoed. "I never felt better in my life. Exercise and solitude agree with me. Possum and I, secure from interference and unasked-for advice, have just finished renovating the insides of the whole house."

Miss Letty swayed a little. She was not conscious of smelling fresh paint nor that she held her brown skirt s high as to show a long expanse of white stocking generously sprinkled with mud.

"I saw crepe, Abner, she murmured "crepe on your door—forgive my intrusion. We all thought you were dead!"

A LOW rumble of corroboration came from the gathering at the gate. The crowd was certainly with Miss Letty there might have been found who even resented the Colonel's ill-timed resurrection. He seemed [illegible] and a trifle dismayed turned to inspect the entrance to his home. There on the door knob, dangled his old umbrella just where he had hung it when the storm drove him back from a trip to town.

Miss Letty heard the cry of astonishment from behind as he held it aloft. She heard his familiar, [illegible] chuckle. Then, suddenly, she felt encircled by a yellow glare, and Peterson's form swam in a blur around her. With a weak little moan, she stretched out her [illegible] hands.

"Dash it, Letty, now don't you faint," he shouted in her ear, as she floated down . . . down . . . into a sea of oblivion, and as she rose through countless miles to the surface later she found herself in the newspaper parlor, with Abner Peterson bending tenderly over her.

"This wasn't the way I'd planned to bring you in to your new home at all," he was saying, "the whole thing planned, at all, but— Are your poor feet are soaking wet! Here you fool Possum, where are my [illegible] carpet slippers?"

Will Rudd's Boy

Continued from page 208.

believe that such hopes, such plans could be shattered with such wanton wasteful cruelty. That he should have loved, married, [illegible] and that the new-made mother and the newborn child should be [illegible] dead, nullified, returned to [illegible] was too foolish too spendthrift, I believe.

IT is strange that people do not get used to death. It has come to nearly every being anybody has ever heard of; and whom it has not yet reached it will. Every one of the two billions of us on earth to-day expects it to come to him, and (if he have them) to his son, his daughter, his man-servant or maid-servant, his ox, his ass, the stranger within his gates, the weeds by the road. Kittens and kingdoms

potato bugs, plants and planets—all are on the visiting list.

Death is the one expectation that never fails to arrive. But it comes always as a new thing, an unheard-of thing, a miracle. It is the commonest word in the lexicon, yet it always reads as a *hapax legomenon*. It is like spring, though so unlike. For who ever believed that May would emerge from March this year? And who ever remembers that violets were suddenly abroad on the hills last April, too?

William Rudd ought to have known better. In a town where funerals were social events dangerously near to diversion, he had been unusually frequent at them. For he belonged to the local chapter of the I.O.O.F., and when a fellow-member in good standing was forced to resign, William Rudd donned his black suit, his silk hat and the stick, which he carried, as one would expect a shoe clerk to carry a stick. The man in the hearse ahead went to no further funerals, stopped paying his dues, made no more noise at the bowling alley, and ceased to dent his pew cushion. Somebody got his job at once, and after a decent time, somebody else probably got his wife. The man became a remembrance, if that.

Rudd had long realized that people eventually become dead; but he had never realized death. He had been an oblivious child when his mother and father had taken the long trip whose tickets read but one way, and had left him to the grudging care of an uncle with a large enough family.

AND now his own family was obliterated. He was again a single person, that familiar thing called a widower. He could not accept it as a fact. He denied his eyes. He was as incredulous as a man who sees a magician play some old vanishing trick. He had seen it, but he could not understand it enough to believe it. When the hack left him at his house, he found it emptier than he could have imagined a house could be. Marthy was not on the porch, or in the settin' room, the dinin' room, the kitchen, or anywhere upstairs. The bed was empty, the stove cold. The lamp had not been filled. The cruse of his life was dry, the silver cord loosed, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern.

As he stumbled about the doleful place, covering his hands with kerosene, he wondered what he should do with those long hours between the closing of the shoe shop of evenings and its opening of morning. Men behave differently in this recurring situation. Some take to drink, or return to it. Rudd did not like liquor; at least he did not think he would have liked it if he had ever tasted it. Some take to gambling. Rudd did not know big casino from little, though he had once almost acquired a passion for checkers—the give-away game. Some submerge themselves in money getting. Rudd would not have given up the serene certainty of his little salary for a speculator's chance to clean up a million, or lose his margin.

If only the child had lived, he should have had an industry, an ambition, a use.

Widowers have occasionally hunted consolation with the same sex that sent them grief. Rudd had never known any woman in town as well as he had known Martha, and it had taken him years to find courage to propose to her. The thought of approaching any other woman with intimate intention gave him an ague sweat.

AND how was he to think of taking another wife? Even if he had not been so confounded with grief for his helpmeet as to believe her the only woman on earth for him, how could he have accosted another woman when he had only debts for a dowry?

Death is an expensive thing in every phase. The event that robbed Rudd of his wife, his child, his hope, had taken also his companion, his cook, his chambermaid, his washerwoman, the mender of his things; and in their place had left an appalling monument of bills. The only people he had permitted himself to owe money to were the grewsome committee that brought him his grief; the doctor, the druggist, the casket-maker, the sexton, and the dealer in the unreal estate who sold the tiny lots in the sad little town.

His soul was too bruised to grope its way about, but instinct told him that bills must be paid. Instinct automatically set him to work clearing up his accounts. For their sakes he devoted himself to a stricter economy than ever. He engaged meals at Mrs Judd's boarding house. He resolved even to rent his home. But, mercifully, there was no one in town to take the place. In economy's name, too, he put away his pipe—for one horrible evening. The next day he remembered how Marthy had sung out:

"Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?" and he had answered: "I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy. But I guess I'll get back in." And Lordy, how she laughed! The laughter of the dead—it made a lonely echo in the house.

Gradually he found, as so many dismal castaways have found, that there is a mystic companionship in that weed which has come out of the vegetable world, as the dog from among the animals, to make fellow-ship with man.

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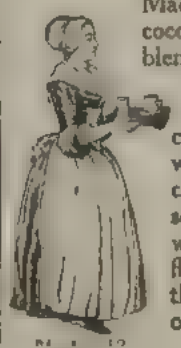

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Rudd and his pipe were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday on the desert island of loneliness. They stared out to sea; and imagined.

Remembering how Martha and he used to dream about the child, in the tobacco twilight, and how they planned his future, Rudd's soul learned to follow the pipe smoke out from the porch, over the fence and to disappear beyond the horizons of the town and the sharp definition of the graveyard fence. He became addicted to dreams, habituated to dealing in futurities that could never come to pass.

Being his only luxury on earth, by and by they became his necessities, realities more concrete than the shoes he sold or the board walk he plodded to and from his store

ONE Sunday, Rudd was present at church when Mr. and Mrs. Budd Granger brought their fourth baby forward to be christened. The infant bawled and choked and kicked its safety pins loose. Rudd was sure that Eric never would have misbehaved like that, yet Eric had been denied the sacred rite

This reminded Rudd how many learned theologians had proved by rigid logic that unbaptized babies are damned forever. He spent days of horror at the frightful possibility, and nights of infernal travel across gridirons where babies flung their blistered hands in vain appeal to far-off mothers. He could not get it from his mind until, one evening, his pipe persuaded him to erect a font in the temple of his imagination

He mused through all the ritual, and the little frame house seemed to thrill as the vague preacher enounced the sonorous phrase

"I baptize thee Eric—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Marthy was there, too, of course, but it was the father that held the baby. And the child did not wince when the pastor's fingers moistened the tiny brow. He just clasped a geranium-petal hand round Rudd's thumb and stared at the sacrament with eyes of more than mortal understanding.

The very next day Mrs. Ad. Peck walked into the store, proud as a pea hen. She wanted shoes for her baby. The soles of the old pair were intact but the stubby toes were protruding.

"He crawls all over the house, Mr. Rudd! And he cut his first tooth today, too. Just look at it. Ain't it a beauty?"

In her insensate conceit, she pried the child's mouth apart as if he were a pony, to disclose the minute peak of ivory. It was nothing to make such a fuss over, Rudd thought, though he

praised it as if it were a snow-capped Fuji-yama.

That night Eric cut two teeth. And Marthy nearly laughed her head off.

RUDD did not talk aloud to the family he had revened from the grave. He had no occult persuasions He just sat in his rocker and smoked hard and imagined hard. He imagined the lives of his family not only as they might have been, but as they ought to have been. He was like a spectator at a play, mingling belief and make-belief inextricably, knowing it all untrue, yet weeping, laughing, thrilling as if it were the very image of fact.

All mothers and some fathers have a sad little calendar in their heart's cupboards where they keep track of the things that might-have-been. "October 5th," they muse, "why it's Ned's birthday! He'd have been twenty-one today if he'd lived. He'd have voted this year. December 23rd? Alice would have been coming home from boarding school to-day if——" If! If!

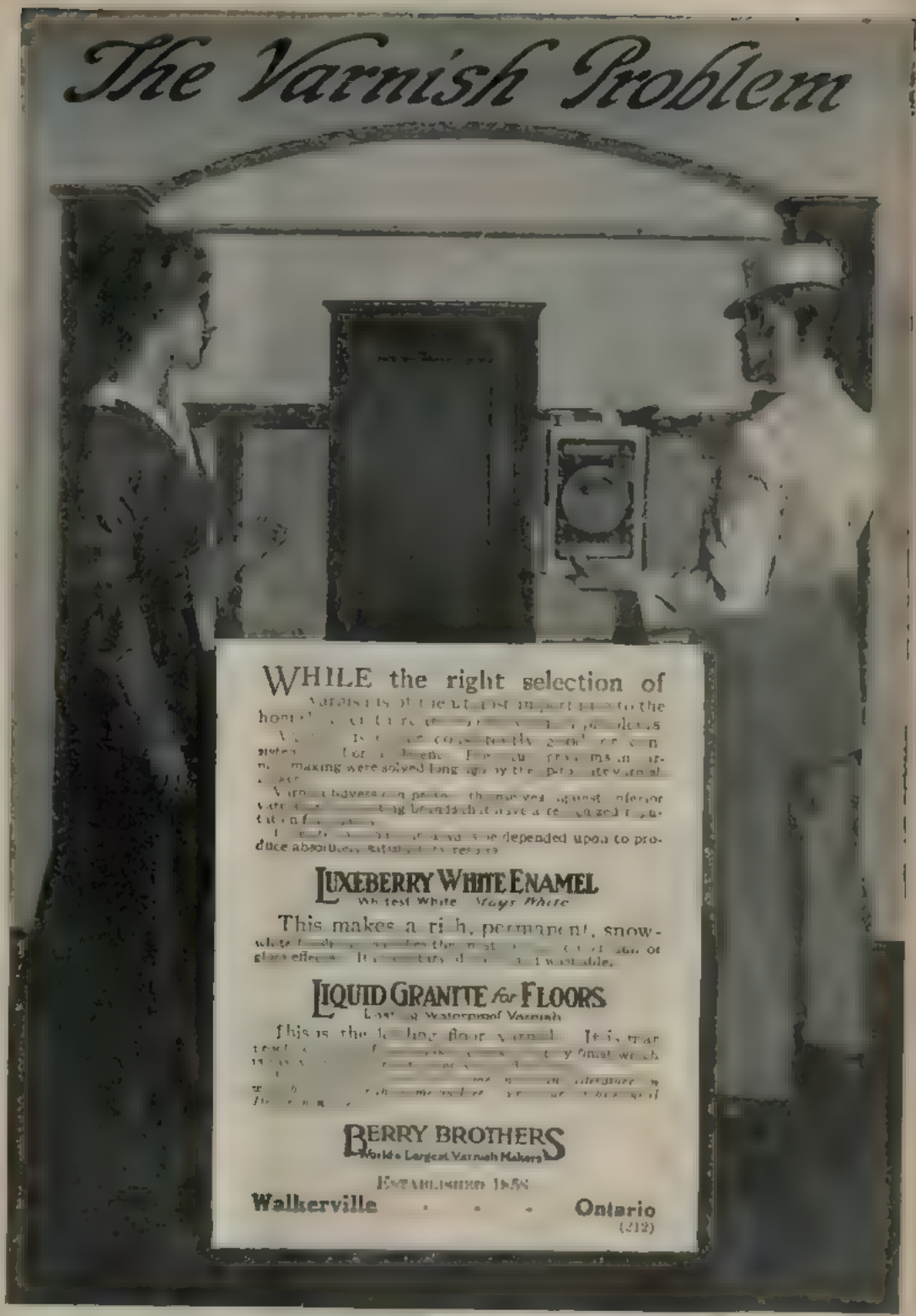
Everybody must keep some such if-almanac, some such diary of prayers denied. That was all Rudd did; only he wrote it up every evening He would take from the lavender where he kept them the little things Martha had sewed for the child and the little shoes he had bought The warm body had never wriggled and laughed in the tiny trousseau, the little shoes had never housed pink toes, but they helped him to pretend until they became to him things out-grown by a living, growing child He cherished them as all parents cherish the first shoes and the first linens and woolens of their young

Marthy and Eric Rudd lived just behind the diaphanous curtain of the pipe smoke or in the nooks of the twilight shadows or in the heart of the settin'-room stove

THE frame house had no fireplace, and in its lieu, he was wont to open the door of the wood stove lean forward, elbows on knees, and gaze into the creamy core of the glow where his people moved unharmed and radiant, like the three youths conversing in the fiery furnace

In the brief period allotted them before bed-time they must needs live fast The boy grew at an extraordinary rate and in many ways [illegible] ner, for sometimes Rudd performed for him that feat which God himself seems not to achieve in His world; he turned back time and brought on yesterday again, or reverted the year before last, as a reaper may pause and return to glean some sheaf overlooked before

For instance, Eric was already a strapping lad of seven spinning through



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To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under loan note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming, interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already made, ready to step into, select one already developed by our agents. These improved farms have houses and buildings, are well fenced, and are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want immediate start and quick results all planned and worked out by practical farmers who know. Our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on these farms. We have a large staff of highly trained agriculturists and demonstrators. Free advice. Irrigated farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To those settlers on irrigable improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

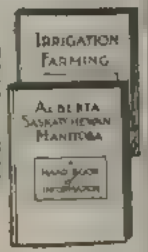
Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Why not buy where you get such low prices **and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have made up the best you can in other parts of the Province and want them for your own profit, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the information we can. **Do it TODAY always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horses, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming. Irrigated lands for intensive farming, prairie lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European war. Our home markets, the United States and South American continent, feed our great population, with the highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the great West. The greatest opportunity. Don't delay. Investigate. You owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first, so time is precious. **Write today for books illustrated.**



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For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway. Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

Boys! Play Ball!

See my Advertisement on Page 191 of this Magazine and then get busy and write at once

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A $30 Bicycle GIVEN TO EVERY BOY

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed. Any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

school at a rate that would have given brain fever to a less gifted youngster when, one day, Farmer Stebbins came to the Emporium with a four-year-old chub of a son who ran in ahead of his father, kicked his shoes in opposite directions and yelled, to the great dismay of an old maid in the "Ladies and Misses' Dept.":

"Hey, Mister, gimme pair boots with brass toes!"

The father, after a formulaic pretense of reproving the lad, explained:

"We'll have to excuse him, Rudd; it's his first pair of boots."

Rudd's heart was sore within him and he was oppressed with guilt. He had never bought Eric his first pair of brass-toed boots! And he a shoe clerk!

So that night Eric had to be reduced several years, brought out of school and taken to St. Louis. Rudd knew what an epoch-making event this was, and he wanted Eric to select from a larger stock than the meager and out-of-date supply of Kittredge's Emporium—though this admission was only for Rudd's own family. The thumb screw could not have wrung it from him for the public.

THERE was a similar mix-up about Eric's first long trousers which Rudd likewise overlooked. He accomplished the Irish miracle of the tight boots. Eric had worn his breeches a long while before he put them on for the first time.

To the outer knowledge of the stranger or the neighbor, William Rudd's employer had all the good luck that was coming to him, and all of Rudd's besides. They were antitheses at every point.

Where Rudd was without ambition or importance, family, or funds, Kittredge was the richest man in town, the man of most impressive family, and easily the leading citizen. People began to talk him up for mayor, mayor for member of parliament. He had held all the other conspicuous offices in his church, his bank, his town. You could hardly say that he had ever run for any office, he had just walked up and taken it.

Yet Rudd did not envy him his record or his family. Clay Kittredge had children, real children. The cemetery lodged none of them. Yet one of the girls or boys was always ill or in trouble with somebody. Mrs. Kittredge was forever cautioning her children not to play with Mrs. So-and-So's children and Mrs. So-and-So would return the compliment. The town was fairly torn up with these nursery Guelph and Ghibelline wars.

Rudd compared the wickednesses of other people's children with the perfections of Eric. Sometimes his own

genius whispered a bitter thought that if Eric had lived to enter the world this side of the tobacco smoke, he too might have been a complete scoundrel in knee breeches, instead of the clean-hearted, clear-skinned, studious, truthful little gentleman of light and laughter and love that he was. But Rudd banished the thought

Eric was never ill, or only ill enough at times to give the parents a little of the rapture of anxiety and of sitting by his bedside holding his hand and brushing his hair back from a hot forehead. Eric never was impolite, or cruel to an animal, or impudent to a teacher, or backward in a class.

And Rudd's wife differed from Kittredge's wife, and wives in general—and indeed from the old Martha herself—in staying young and growing more and more beautiful. The old Martha had been too shy and too cognizant of the truth ever to face a camera; and Rudd often regretted that he owned not even a bridal photograph such as the other respectable married folks of Hillsdale had on the wall, or in a crayon enlargement on an uneasy easel. He had no likeness of Martha except that in his heart. But thereby his fancy was unshackled and he was enabled to imagine her sweeter, fairer, every day.

It was the boy alone that grew; the mother, having become perfect, remained stationary in charm like the blessed Greeks in the asphodel fields of Hades.

ABOUT the time Eric Rudd outgrew the public schools of Hillsdale, and graduated from the high school with a wonderful oration of his own writing called "Night brings out the stars," Kittredge announced that his eldest son would go to Varsity in the fall. Rudd determined that Eric should go to McGill. He even sent for catalogues. Rudd was appalled to see how much a person had to know before he could even get into college. And then, this nearly omniscient intellect was called a freshman!

The prices of rooms, of meals, of books, of extra fees, the estimated allowances for clothing and spending money dazed the poor shoe clerk, and nearly sent Eric into business. But, fortunately, the briar pipe came to the rescue with an unexpected legacy from an unsuspected uncle

The four years of college life were imagined with a good deal of elision and an amount of guesswork that would have amused a janitor. But Rudd and Martha were chiefly interested in the boy's vacations at home and their own trips to New Haven, and the letters of approval from the professors

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to merit of the Aladdin? We want one user in each locality whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer under which you get your own free or showing it to a few neighbors and sending their names. Write quick for 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial! Send coupon to nearest office

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Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr Dawson, the well known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else It only wants to bring you and the land together The land is here, waiting for you It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL We will advise you honestly frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and, if so, where and why We will bring you and the land together

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE You owe that to yourself and your family There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE

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(M. FEBRUARY

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VANDERHOOF
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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Eric had an athletic career seldom equaled since the days of Hercules. For Eric was a champion tennis player, hockey player, baseballist, boxer, swimmer, runner, jumper, shot-putter. Rudd had rather dim notions of some of the games, so that Eric was established both as center rush of the football team and the cock-swain in the crew.

He was also a member of all the best fraternities. He was a "Bones" man in his freshman year, and in his sophomore year added the other senior societies. And, of course, he stood at the head of all his classes—though he never condescended to take a single red apple to a professor.

THE boy's college life lasted Rudd a thousand and one evenings. It was in beautiful contrast with the career of Kittredge's children, some of whom were forever flunking their examinations, slipping back a year, requiring expensive tutors, acquiring bad habits and getting into debt. Almost the only joy Kittredge had of them was in telegraphing them money in response to their telegrams for money—they never wrote. Their vacations either sent them scurrying on house parties or other excursions. Or if they came home they were discontented with house and parents. They corrected Kittredge's grammar though his country accounted him an orator. They corrected Mrs. Kittredge's etiquette, though Hillsdale looked up to her as a social arbitrix.

Kittredge poured a deal of his disappointment into Rudd's ear, because his hard heart was broken and breaking anew every day, and he had to tell somebody. He knew that his old clerk would keep it where he kept all the secrets of his business, but he never knew that Rudd still had a child of his own, forging ahead without failure. Rudd could give comfort, for he had no spare, and he was empty of envy.

It was a ghastly morning when Kittredge showed Rudd a telegram saying that his eldest son, Thomas, had drown himself in front of a train before of the discovery that his account was wrong. Kittredge had found him a place in a Montreal bank, but the gambling fever had seized the young fellow. And now he was dead, by his own hand, in his shame. Dives cried out to Lazarus:

"It's hell to be a father, Will. It's awful thing to bring children into the world and try to carry 'em through. It's not a man's job. It's God's."

At such times like these and when Rudd heard from the father's own lips the [illegible] concerning the [illegible] wicked ones of the children of men about the

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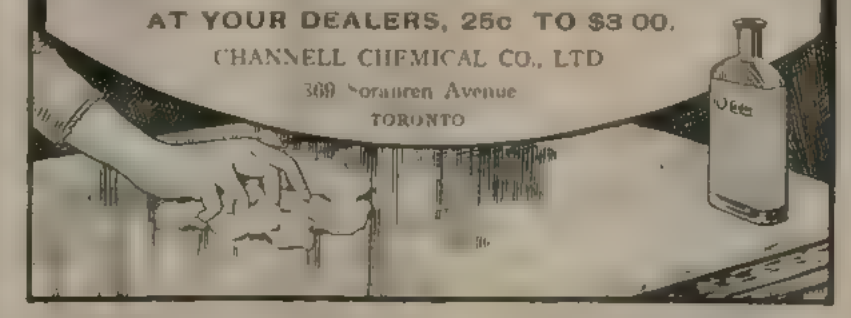

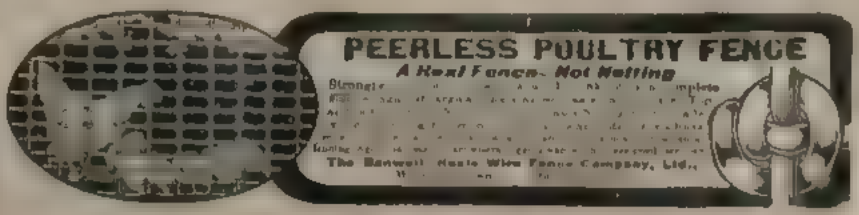

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Dunlop "Traction" Tread Automobile Tires went to the front and stayed there, because the skid-resisting surface forms a permanent part of the tire.
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Base Ball Clubs! Attention!

You Will Be Interested

in the offer I make on Page 191 of this Magazine
Look it up and then write me. Get the
letter off to-day.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager,

121 MAIL BUILDING TORONTO

earth, he felt almost glad that his boy had never lived upon so plague-infected a world. But in the soothe of twilight, the old pipe persuaded him to a pleasanter view of his boy, alive and always doing the right thing, avoiding the evil

His motto was: "Eric would have done different." He was sure of that It was his constant conclusion.

After graduating from an imaginary McGill, Eric took an imaginary law course. Then he was admitted to that imaginary bar where a lawyer never defends an unrighteous cause, never loses a case, yet grows rich. And, of course, like every other boy that dreams or is dreamed of, in good time he had to become Premier

Eric lived so exemplary a life, was so busy in virtue, so unblemished of fault, that he could not be overlooked by the managers of the quadrennial national performance, searching with Demosthenes' lantern for a man against whom nothing could be said. They called Eric from private life to be headliner in their vaudeville

Rudd had watched Kittredge clambering to his success, or rather wallowing to it through a swamp of mud. All the wrong things Kittredge had ever done, and their name was legion, were hurled in his path. His family scandals were dug up by the double handful and splashed in his face. Against his opponent the same methods were used. It was like a race through a marsh; and when Kittredge reached his goal he was so muck-bemired, his heart had been so lacerated, the nakedness of his past so exposed that his laurel seemed more like a wreath of poison ivy. And once he was mounted on his high post, he was an even better target than when he was on the wing

Against Eric's blameless life, the arrows of slander were like darts shot toward the sun. They fell back upon the archers' heads. That was a live night in the tobacco lagoon when the election returns came in and country after country swung to Eric's column Rudd made it as nearly unanimous as he could, without making it stupid The solid southern portion of the province he left unbroken; he just brought it over to Eric *en bloc*

Marthy was there, of course; rode in the same hack with their boy some of the politicians wanted to get in, but Eric said

'My mother and father ride with me or I won't be Premier.'

That settled 'em. Eric even wanted to ride backward, too, but Will, as the father, insisted; and of course I was obeyed. And the weather was more like June than March, no blizzard delaying trains and distributing pneumonia

ONCE the administration was begun, the newspapers differed strangely in their treatment of Eric from their attitude toward other chief magistrates Realizing that Eric was an honorable man trying to do the right thing by the people, no editor or cartoonist dreamed of accusing him of an unworthy motive or an unwise act

And when his first term was ended, the Reformers and Conservatives, realizing that they had at last found a perfectly wise and honorable man, nominated him by acclamation. The result was delightful; both parties elected their candidate

Marthy and Will sat with Eric in the carriage, at that time too. There was an argument again about who should ride backward. Rudd said

"Eric, your Excellency, these here crowds came to see you, and you ought to face 'em. As your dad, I order you to set there 'side of your mother.

But Eric said: "Dad, your Majesty the people have seen me often enough, and as the Premier of this here Dominion of Canada, I order you to set there side of your wife."

And of course Rudd had to do it Folks looked very much surprised to see him and there was quite a piece in the papers about it

To every man his day's work and his night's dream. Will Rudd has poor nourishment of the former, but he is richly fed of the latter. His failures and his poverty and the monotony of his existence are public knowledge; his dream is his own triumph and the greater for being his secret

The Fates seemed to go out of their way to be cruel to Will Rudd, but he beat them at their own game. Clotho Lachesis and Atropos kept Jupiter himself in awe of their shears, and the old Norns, Urdur, Verdandi and Skuld, rumed Wotan's power and his glory But they could not touch the shoe clerk. They shattered his little scheme of things to bits, but he rebuilt it nearer to his heart's desire. He spread a sky about his pipe planet and ruled his little universe like a tribal god. He, alone of all men, had won the oldest, vainest prayer that was ever said or sung: "O God, keep the woman I love young and beautiful, and grant our child happiness and success without sin or sorrow

IF, sometimes the imagination of the matter-of-fact man wavers and the ugliness of his loneliness overwhelms him, thrusts through his dream like a hideous mountain side when an avalanche strips the barren crags of their fleece; and if he then breaks down and calls aloud for his child and his wife to be given back to him from Out There—these panics are also his secret. Only the homely sitting room of the lonely

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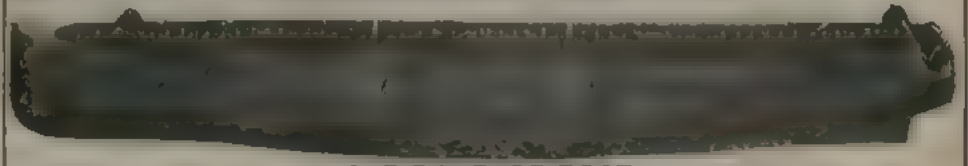

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For yo[u] can now have the big comfortable [illegible] family car—

The [illegible]we. Overland—

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And though [illegible] has been reduced the car is improved

It has the very latest en bloc type motor with a smooth flow of abundant power and an exceptionally fast "pick-up."

Here is the car (with improvements) which h[illegible] for one [illegible] and a wheelbase of more than 100 inches.

Never before has the purchaser had so well founded so emphatic, so conclusive a popular value-verdict to tell him which car to buy

We know that the price for this model will never be lower

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Now is the time to order your car either for immediate or later delivery

See the Overland dealer at once and make your arrangements now

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Ont.

frame house knows them. He opens the door of the wood stove or follows his pipe smoke and rallies his courage, resumes his dream. The next morning sees him emerge from his door and go briskly to the shop as always, whether his path is through rain or sleet, or past the recurrent lilacs that have scattered many a purple snow across his sidewalk since the bankruptcy of his ambitions.

He would have been proud to be the unknown father of a great man. He was not permitted to be the father even of a humble man. Yet being denied the reality, he has taken sustenance in what might have been, and has turned "the saddest words of tongue or pen" into something almost sweet. If his child has missed the glories of what might have been, he has escaped the shames that might have been, and the bruises and heartaches and remorses that must have been, that always have been. That is the increasing consolation a bitter world offers to those who love and have lost. That was Rudd's solace. And he made the most of it; added to it a dream. He was a wise man.

After he paid his sorrowful debts, his next slow savings went to the building of a monument for his family. It is one of the handsomest shafts in the cemetery. If Rudd could brag of anything he would brag of that. The inscription took a long time to write. You could tell that by its simplicity. And you might notice the blank space left for his own name when all three shall be together again.

Rudd is now saving a third fund against the encroaching time when he shall be too feeble to get up from his knees after he has dropped upon them to unlace somebody's sandal. Lonely old orphans like Rudd must provide their own pensions. There is a will, however, which bequeaths whatever is left of his funds to an orphan home. Being a sonless father, he thinks of the sons who have no fathers to do for them what he was so fain to do for his. It is not a large fund for these days when rich men toss millions as tips to posterity, but it is pretty good for a shoe clerk. And it will mean everything to some Eric that gets himself really born.

IF you drop in at the Emporium and ask for a pair of shoes or boots, or slippers or rubbers, or trees or pumps, and wait for old Rudd to get round to you, you will be served with deference, yet with a pride of occupation that is almost priestly. And you will probably buy something, whether you want it or not.

The old man is slightly shuffly in his gaiters. His own elastics are less resilient than once they were. If you

Big Ben
baby Ben

—to *ring off* your sleep

BIG BEN for the man who gets up in the morning to keep his date with his job, who likes the clear, deep toned manly call that's punctual as a factory whistle.

baby Ben for the woman who wants a clock that's feminine in its daintiness, businesslike in its performance, with an alarm whose gentle call reaches *her* ear only.

baby Ben learned his trade from Big Ben and knows it well. Both are handsome, well designed, well made, well finished. They're as carefully made inside as out, keep excellent time, and call at the hour set.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, has 4½ inch dial, rings you up with one steady five-minute call or ten half-minute calls at thirty second intervals. Wind him every night, give him reasonable treatment, and he'll last years.

baby Ben is just as near Big Ben in quarter size as anything could be. Stands 3½ inches tall and does every stunt his big brother does.

Big Ben or baby Ben, $2.50; in Canada, $3.00. You'll find them at your dealer's. If he does not stock them a money order to the factory will bring either to you postpaid.

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Lacrosse Outfits FREE!

Organize a Lacrosse club in your school! It will not be long now until the big Lacrosse clubs will start to practice for the coming season. Get into the great Indian game! Write me at once and I'll show you how you can soon secure a full set of clubs, goal nets and uniforms—everything you need for a complete Lacrosse club. Write now and you will have the outfit in time for the early spring practice.

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OSHAWA ONTARIO

CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
TORONTO

S-68

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

"Best" Hand Lantern

A powerful portable lamp, giving a 300 candle power pure white light. Just what the farmer, dairyman, stockman, teamster, fireman, engineer, automobilist, fisherman, hunter, camper, in fact anyone either good or bad weather, needs. Light in weight. Agents wanted. Big Profits. Write for Catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
463 E. 5th St., Canton, O

ask for anything on the top shelf he is a trifle slow getting the ladder and rather ratchety in clambering up and down, and his eyes are growing so tired that he may offer you a 6D when you ask for a 3A.

But, above all things, don't hurt his pride by offering to help him to his feet if he shows some difficulty in rising when he has performed his genuflexion before you. Just pretend not to notice, as he would pretend not to notice any infirmity or vanity of yours. It is his vanity to be still the best shoe clerk in town—as he is.

There is a gracious satisfiedness about the old man that radiates contentment and makes you comfortable for the time in most uncomfortable shoes. And as old Rudd says:

"You'll find that the best shoe is the one that pinches at first and hurts a little; in time it will grow very comfortable and still be becoming."

That is what Rudd says, and he ought to know.

IN these days he is so supremely comfortable in his old shoes that his own fellow-clerks hardly know what to make of him. If they only understood what is going on in his private world they would realize that Eric is about to be married. The boy was so busy for the country and loved his mother so, that he had no time to go sparkin'.

But Marthy got after him and said: You'd ought to have a wife, Eric, and be raisin' some children to comfort your declining years. What would Will and me have done without you? I'm gettin' old, Eric, and I'd kind o' like to see how it feels to be a grandmother, before they take me out to the ——" But that was a word Rudd could never frame even in his thoughts.

Eric, being a mighty good boy listened to his mother as always. And Marthy looked everywhere for an ideal woman, and when she found one, Eric fell in love with her right away. It is not every child that is so dutiful as that.

The marriage is to take place shortly and Rudd is very busy with the details. He will go on to Ottawa, of course—of evenings. In fact, the wedding is to be in the evening, so that he won't have to miss any time at the shop. There are so many people coming in every day and asking for shoes, that he wouldn't dare be away.

Martha is insisting on Will's buying a dress suit for the festivities, but he is in doubt about that. Martha, though, shall have the finest dress in the land, for she is more beautiful even than Eric's bride, and she doesn't look a day older than she did when she was a bride herself. A body would never guess how many years ago that was.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Coffee—
that will make your household happy; your guests grateful; yourself enthusiastic.

In ¼, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole — ground — pulverized — also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

159

Carters Tested Seeds
Incorporated

Write for our 1916 Catalogue of
Garden, Lawn and Farm
SEEDS

Prices substantially reduced. Stocks as good as ever.

Dept. G, 133 King Street E.,
TORONTO - - ONTARIO

The city is going to be all lit up, and a lot of big folks will be there—a couple of kings, like as not. There will be fried chicken for dinner and ice cream—mixed maybe, chocolate and vanilla, and p'raps a streak of strawb'ry. And there will be enough so's everybody can have two plates. Marthy will prob'ly bake the cake herself.

Rudd has a great surprise in store for her. He's going to tell a good one on Marthy. At just the proper moment, he's going to lean over—Lord, he hopes he can keep his face straight—and say kind of offhand:

"Do you remember, Marthy, the time when you was makin' little baby-clothes for the Premier here, and you says to me—you see, Eric, she'd made me quit smokin', herself, but she plumb forgot all about that—and she says to me, s'she, 'Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?" she says. And I says, 'I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy,' s'I, 'but I guess I'll git back in,' s'I. I said it right off like that, 'I guess I'll git back in!' s'I. Remember, Marthy?"

Todd and the Tangle

Continued from page 213.

"As I damn please!" he repeated, happy in the knowledge that he dared say it.

"But nothing desperate," she urged.

"That," he declared, "must depend upon you—upon you, Mary!" He was growing bigger and more important all the time. "If you want me, you must have faith!"

"Yes, Sidney," she acquiesced meekly.

"I must be free—unhampered—uncriticized—unchallenged!"

"Yes, Sidney."

"I'll have no more of this——"

The maid entered and laid a letter on the table in front of Mrs. Todd. Mrs. Todd glanced at the envelope, and then looked at Todd. Todd glanced at it, and his legs became wobbly. It was a letter from himself, postmarked Weston, and he remembered that there was another to follow—from somewhere.

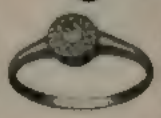
It was a critical moment, but Todd had no mind to lose the advantage already gained. With one hand resting heavily on the table, to steady himself, he reached across with the other and took the letter from in front of his wife. Then he tore it up.

Mrs. Todd made no protest.

Todd came home to dinner that night in high spirits. He had won; he was free; he had been gloating over his victory all day. After all, it was a easy matter to manage a woman—when one knew how.

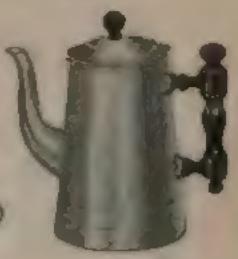
Quaker Oats Premiums

Silver Plate
Jewelry
Aluminum

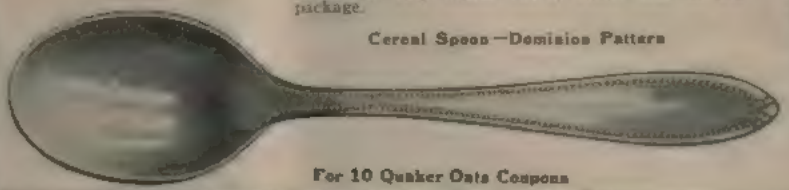


We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Vim for a Week In That Package

Power for a Thousand Tasks

Think what intensive driving power is concentrated in the oat.

A large package of Quaker Oats contains almost enough energy to supply a human machine for a week.

To do all the work of a week. Or to start every day in a month, for one person, with vim-food in abundance. The oat is a food for high spirits. It is for those who seek bubbling vitality. For those who would "feel their oats." That is why we urge you to make oat-food inviting. This dish, above all others, should always be served at its best.

Quaker Oats

The Delightful Energizer

To some oats Nature gives a fascinating flavor. With some oats she omits it.

Some oats are rich and plump. Some are starved and puny.

In Quaker Oats we never mix those grades. All but queen grains are discarded in making this brand—all but ten pounds per bushel.

That's why these flakes are always large and luscious. That's the reason for their flavor and aroma.

You get the cream of the oats—the cream only—when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price to get it.

Please remember that.

Regular Package, 10c. *Except in Far West.* *Large Round Package, 25c*

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Saskatoon, Sask.

New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 45c package with china. Also our 10c package. (1196)

What Did Little Mary Buy

1916 Ford Touring Car

FIRST PRIZE

For the Best Reply

$1000.00

In other Fine Prizes Also Given

JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and [illegible] name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he rubbed the word apples off the apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you see on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?

FIRST PRIZE

1916 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car. Value $830.00

SECOND PRIZE
Handsome Upright Piano
Value $450.00

4th PRIZE
Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range

CLEVER READERS OF CANADA MONTHLY

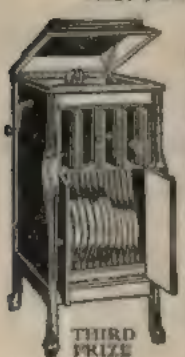
sending the best correct or nearest correct sets of answers can share in the distribution of

Thousands of Dollars Worth of MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

Including this 1916 Ford Touring Car, $450.00 Upright Piano, $75.00 Columbia Grafonola, $50.00 Clare Bros. High Oven Range, 1916 Cleveland Bicycle, Genuine Singer Sewing Machine, $35.00 Kitchen Cabinet, Genuine Waltham Men's and Ladies' Watches, English Dinner and Tea Sets, Roger's Silverware, and a host of other grand prizes too numerous to mention here. Big Illustrated Prize List will be mailed to you direct.

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize



THIRD PRIZE
Columbia Cabinet Grafonola

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given,—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name.

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "**Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home.**" Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

SIXTH PRIZE
1916 Model Cleveland Bicycle

FIFTH PRIZE
Famous Singer Sewing Machine

SEVENTH PRIZE
Magnificent Ideal Kitchen Cabinet

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address, must be on a separate sheet.
2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget to, war tax stamps.
3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.
4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.
5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.
7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry, 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.
8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.
9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 140 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.